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JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
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IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress.
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way.
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow.
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

B. S

[From the Saturday Evening Post.]

JASPER'S WELL.

BY ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

The Quaker poet Whittier, in one of his warlike lyrics—lyrics made up of the clash of cymbals, the peal of trumpets and the roll of drums—breaks out in the following strain:

"A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
By every shrine of patriot blood,
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!"

Now, while doubtless nearly all of my readers have heard of Eutaw and Camden and Fort Moultrie, probably very few have heard of Sergeant Jasper, and even fewer of the exploit which has given the name of "Jasper's well" to the southern locality at which it occurred.

Sergeant Jasper, after his gallant behavior at Fort Moultrie, was one of the most distinguished of that little band of heroes who served under Marion, and kept a foothold for liberty in the Carolinas and Georgia, when the British cause seemed to be everywhere triumphant.

Jasper hesitated not to leave the camp of his commander, and venture again and again within the British lines, in order that he might obtain information of projected movements. And it was in one of these expeditions as a spy, when he was accompanied by a comrade named Newton, that the following romantic incident occurred.

Two miles from Savannah, in the noble old State of Georgia—one of the glorious "old Thirteen"—there is a famous spring, which is well known to travelers. Here one day a guard of British soldiers halted to rest. Nor they alone. Captive Americans, accused of treason—inasmuch as they had accepted a "protection" from the British commander, and afterward, when the American army had entered that part of the country, joined the ranks of their patriot countrymen—sad and downcast, for they knew their doom was death, also flung themselves down in the grateful shade of the trees that surrounded the well of the spring.

One of these sad-eyed prisoners was a man whose only daughter was with him—resolved to abide by her beloved father to the last. She was a beautiful dark-eyed Southern girl, named Sallie St. Clair.—The writer of this would be proud to know that kindred blood to hers runs in his own veins.

Jasper and his comrade had marked this sad procession, slowly wending its dusty way to Savannah and the gibbet—and Jasper's heart had been especially touched by the sorrowful yet glorious beauty of Sallie St. Clair. "We will rescue them, or die!" exclaimed he to his brave companion, with set lips.

A bold thought—for they were two to ten—and, besides, they were entirely unarmed! But in a great cause great souls count not the odds. Two men with God are a match for a thousand mere myrmidons of tyranny.

These men of Marion's pushed on and got in advance of the soldiers and their victims. A sudden thought struck Jasper, as he marked the cool shade of the spring. "Here they will rest awhile—let us conceal ourselves in this thicket," said he.

It was as he had supposed. Soon the British guard came up, halted and stacked their muskets. All but four—two of these remained on guard by the muskets—two others went to the spring for water. When the latter had reached the spring, they leaned their muskets against a tree, preparatory to dipping up the water.

This was the auspicious moment. Leaping out from their ambush, Jasper and Newton each seized a musket. Clubbing them, they knocked the two soldiers senseless—then springing like lions upon the two soldiers who guarded the stacked muskets, and who hardly knew what to do in their surprise, they shot them dead, and possessed themselves of all the stack of weapons.

"Yield at once!" shouted Jasper as they presented two fresh muskets at the unarmed guard, "or you die!"

The unarmed soldiers yielded, and the prisoners were rescued.

And this is the famous story of "Jasper's well."

But it is not the whole of it. Journeying back again into the interior of the country—into the hills, always the natural fortress of freedom—Sallie St. Clair lost her heart to the heroic rescuer of her father and his friends.

But it was no time then for marriage, if for love—and Jasper and she parted without a word; he for the active duties, the desperate encounters, the hair-breadth escapes of a partisan's life—and she to dream of one for whom she had conceived a passion, such, perhaps, as is seldom found save in the warm, rich blood of a Southern clime.

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But hers was like the lava flood,
That boils in Etna's breast of flame."

It was about six months after this, when a stripling made his way into the depths of one of those almost impenetrable morasses where Marion was accustomed to take shelter from Tarleton's dragoons, when the latter were out in overwhelming force, and asked to be enrolled as a member of the famous band.

"You, my son?" replied Marion with a smile, "why you are not tall enough and strong enough yet."

The stripling glanced at the small, slight frame of the noted partisan himself—"I do not think I should be so much smaller or weaker than my General."

Marion laughed. "Frankly and truly spoken, my boy—but my business is to lead. I am the head; but the body must have strong arms. Look there!"

He pointed to his band—generally stout and strong, and some herculean fellows, ready to follow the flag of Freedom up to the cannon's mouth. "But still," continued he, "if you have counted the cost, and think well to stay you shall be welcome.—I will refuse no man the glory and honor of serving his country in this desperate hour. Here, Jasper—here is a new recruit."

Sergeant Jasper started at the youth's face, as if it was partly familiar to him.

"I think Sergeant Jasper will know who I am," said the young man in a calm but very musical voice, "I am the twin brother of Sallie St. Clair."

"Ah, I thought your face looked very familiar," said Jasper. "Come with me."

From that moment Jasper and Frank St. Clair were sworn friends and comrades. In camp, on the march, and in the strife of battle, where one was, there might be found the other.

One thing often struck Jasper as very curious. He would waken up at night with a kind of half-consciousness that somebody had been gazing earnestly into his face—and find that young St. Clair was awake beside him. Once he opened his eyes suddenly, and his young comrade was leaning over him, his face very close to his own.

"What is it, Frank?"

"Oh, nothing. I could not sleep, and was wondering how you could sleep so soundly."

One day, however, a sad end came to all this. Marion's brigade was attacked in camp by a party of Tarleton's dragoons. They flew to their arms, however, and succeeded finally in beating back the assailants.

Toward the close of the conflict, a hugh dragoon suddenly spurred his horse to where Sergeant Jasper was standing, and with a blow of his sabre would have cleft him through the shoulder. It would have gone hardly with the sergeant, for he saw the danger too late. But the watchful eyes of Frank were on his comrade, and with a wild shriek he sprang before Jasper. The sabre descended, and Frank fell heavily upon the earth. He had give his life for his friend.

He! Then the truth was first made known. It was Sallie St. Clair. Consumed by the fires of love and absence, she had cut off her long black curls, and arrayed herself in the garb of a man. By passing herself as her own twin brother, she had removed the suspicion which otherwise might have been aroused in the bosom of the man she so devotedly loved.

They buried her in a beautiful spot near the Santee, and the tears wet many a bronzed and rugged cheek as she was laid in the grave.

As for Jasper he mourned as one who could not be comforted. Death no longer to him had any terrors. At the siege of Savannah, he was among the bravest of the brave. And when the color-bearer of the regiment was shot down, Jasper seized the fallen colors and rescued them from the defiling grasp of the enemy.

But in so doing he had received his death wound. Little recked he however—for he saw before his dying eyes, radiant as an angel from Heaven, the beautiful face and form of his beloved.

"True love can never die.
Flee you to yonder sky,
Still shall you hover nigh,
Sallie St. Clair."

OLD MAIDS in Virginia are politely called "belated sisters."

A Cradle and Carriage.

REMARKABLE ROYAL RELICS.

One of the most curious of all the relics left us of bluff old Henry VIII., of England, his six wives, and the three children who successively wore the crown after him, is the cradle of his youngest daughter, Queen Elizabeth.

It is of English oak, very massive, with richly carved panels, six in number—two on each side—one of the same height composing the foot, and a much higher one under the head-board. The length of the cradle is three feet two inches, and the height, to the top of the ornaments, four feet. At the foot is a large shield, with two cherubs supporting the royal crown, and in the centre the initials "E. R.," namely, Elizabeth Regina. The whole of this ornamental work is of silver, carved and engraved in quaint devices, that look strangely enough in our day of light and graceful ornaments. At the head is the "Prince of Wales'" plume or crest, which is always the insignia of the reigning monarch's eldest son, or daughter where there is no son. Henry VIII., having no male heir at the time Elizabeth was born, she was created Princess of Wales by her father; but her right to the title was set aside when her half-brother Edward was born.

The crest at the head of the cradle, and the ornamental work surrounding it, is richly gilded, and towering more than a foot above the roof of the head-piece, presents a very imposing appearance. I think it must have looked very grand to the laughing, chubby-cheeked babe that lay below it, especially if she was as fond of the display in her infancy as she was when grown up.

* * * * * * * * Queen Elizabeth had the weakness to delight in fine clothes, and be very vain of her personal appearance. To such an extent was this carried that she could never forgive any one about her for being more beautiful than herself. But this was after she grew up, and I suppose the dimpled babe, as she lay in this curious cradle, was far more interested in the bright and silver ornaments about her, than in admiring her own tiny form and features.

In 1541, when the little princess was six years old, and had outgrown her costly cradle, it was presented by the king to a family who munificently entertained him while holding his court at York. This royal relic, now nearly three and a half centuries old, is still carefully treasured by the Rippons of Waterville, who are lineally descended from the family to whom the cradle was given. It is an heir-loom of the house, of which they are very proud, as memorializing the visit of the king and his court. It is kept in a room fitted up in great state, and is shown to visitors with evident pleasure.

But quaint and curious as is this royal cradle of so long ago, I saw, in England, a carriage that interested me far more. It was the celebrated and curious military carriage of the great Napoleon, in which he made the campaign of Russia, and that conveyed him to the coast on his first exile. It was also used by the great warrior at Elba. In it he returned to Paris on his restoration to the throne, and it was this that bore him to the fatal field of Waterloo, where ended his wonderful military career.

The carriage was captured on the evening of the Battle of Waterloo, and sent by the officers who took it to London, where it was purchased by the Government by Mr. Bullock for the enormous sum of $25,000. Its exterior is very much like a modern traveling carriage, the color dark-blue, bordered with gold, and the imperial arms emblazoned on the panels of the doors. All the panels are bullet-proof, and that at the lower part of the back is so arranged as to be let down for the purpose of removing articles of baggage without disturbing the occupant.

The doors of the carriage have locks and bolts; the blinds behind the windows open and shut by means of springs, and may be closed so as to form a barrier almost impregnable. Outside the windows are roller-blinds of canvas, designed to exclude dampness, and the light, when desirable.

The wheels, springs, and tires are of prodigious strength, and the pole is constructed as a lever that keeps the carriage level on every kind of road. In front there is a great projection of the body of the carriage, in order to make room for inside conveniences, as well as to throw the driver's seat so far forward that he can get no view of the interior, while those inside can see both the road and the horses distinctly.

There is a lamp at each corner of the roof, and also one at the back, capable of brilliantly lighting up the interior of the coach. But it is of the inside, made to serve as office, bed and dressing room, kitchen and dining-room, that I wish to tell you mainly.

The seat is divided in the middle, giving the appearance of two easy arm-chairs, furnished with springs and cushions, and the daintiest of foot-stools. On one side hangs a large silver chronometer, of elaborate workmanship, and close to the seat a holster with a pair of double-barreled pistols; while on the opposite door are two more holsters containing pistols of larger size. In the upper portion of the front are many smaller compartments for books, maps, and telescopes; and below the ceiling, is a silken network, in which were found several articles of personal convenience.

We will suppose the great man to have just arisen at his usual early hour, and about to make his toilet. He touches a spring, and immediately outspreads before him a sort of light shelf, answering the purpose of a washstand, on which are basin and pitcher, soap and towels, tooth and nail-brushes, mirror, glasses, and many other articles, some of which are of silver, some of gold, and all of exquisite make. Having completed his ablutions, the traveler pushes back the wash-stand to its niche in the front projection, and, by touching another spring, brings before him an elegant toilet-table, with dressing-cases of mahogany, heavily bound with gold, and the imperial arms engraved on the cover. It contains nearly a hundred articles, most of them of solid gold more luxuries and conveniences, probably, than were elsewhere ever packed within the same space. Its arrangement had been superintended by the Empress, Marie Louise, in person, and it was her parting gift to her husband on his departure to Russia.

The toilet-table, when done with, may be returned to its place by a gentle push, and the movement of another spring brings to view a most convenient writing-table, with its capacious desk, pens, ink, paper, sand, wax, and, indeed, everything that could be needed in this line. It was here that was found Napoleon's celebrated portfolio, with the private papers that were so eagerly examined by his foes, when the carriage fell into their hands.

But it is breakfast-time, and, a valet entering at the appointed moment, the escritoire is exchanged by the touch of another spring, for a table laid with a service of pure gold, every article of which is superbly embossed with the imperial arms, and engraved with the Emperor's favorite "N." There are tea and coffee pots, cream-jug and sugar-bowl, cups, saucers, plates, spoons, knives and forks, butter-stand and toast-rack, egg-cups and salts, with the daintiest of damask, and many other articles that I cannot now recall.

There is also a liquor-case, and compartments for clothing, that are opened and closed in the same way; and, when the hour for retiring comes, the whole interior of the coach is transformed into a cosy apartment, within which is deposited a bedstead of polished steel, with mattresses, pillows, and bedding of exquisite quality, and every personal convenience that even a crowned head could desire. The bedstead folds up, and, when not in use, is disposed in a small box two and a half feet long, and about four inches in width and thickness, and placed beneath the coachman's seat, while the mattresses and bedding are snugly packed under the seat on the inside.

All articles I have mentioned, and some others, still remain with the carriage; but, of course, the diamonds and money were taken possession of when the wonderful equipage was captured.

I saw also, at the same time a place, a desert service of twenty-eight pieces, used by Napoleon at St. Helena, where he died; the little camp-bed upon which he slept during his seven years of exile; his famous military cloak, his gold repeating watch, and the identical sword worn in his Egyptian campaign.

Can any more wonderful piece of mechanism be conceived of than this curious carriage? Almost a moving palace! Yet, strange to say, the illustrious owner's downfall seems to have commenced from the very hour he entered upon its use.

Some One to Love.

Perhaps one of the most positive proofs we have of the soul's independence of the body, is our great need of love and of something to love. Were we mere animals—creatures doomed to perish after a few years of life in this world—that which contents the brute would also content us. To eat and sleep well, to have an easy time of it, would be enough. As it is, we may have all these things, and health to enjoy them, and yet be utterly wretched. Neither can mental food satisfy us. "Some one to love" is our heart's cry.

When the atmosphere of tenderness is about us, we rejoice; when people are harsh and unkind, we suffer. We begin life wishing to love all people, and believing that they love us. Experience hardens us. Our dear ones grow fewer; but, as long as reason lasts, we must love some one—we must at least imagine that some one loves us. The parents, sisters and brothers—that dearest friend whom we promise to love and cherish until death parts us—these come into our lives and fill them up. Afterwards come the little children—frail, helpless babies, who need our care so much, and friends to whom we are not kin, yet who grow dear to us.

Some have many loved ones, and some but one. Heaven help those who have none, though they are generally to blame for their empty-heartedness; for kindness wins love. They are always wretched, and they often show their craving for something to love by cherishing some dumb animal—a dog, a kitten, a parrot, perhaps, on which they lavish caresses which, better spent, would have bound some human heart to theirs. Pride, or morbid sensitiveness, may have been at the bottom of their loneliness, and these pets of theirs fill the aching void a little.

Some one to love! It is the cry of the human soul, the note to which every human heart responds; the bond which will bind us all together in that other world where mourners shall be comforted and love shall reign forever.

Copper vessels, placed in the streams of the richer mining districts of Nevada, accumulate hundreds of dollars' worth of quicksilver, mingled with gold-dust, upon their surfaces, in a few months. Owing to its infinite divisibility, quicksilver exists in such small particles as to be invisible to the eye and buoyant in water, and these particles contain still minuter grains of gold.

Putting Down a Carpet.

THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF A FAMILY MAN.

There are times in the life of a man of family when he feels like throwing himself entirely away, never more to be heard from; and one of these trying times is when he has a carpet to lay down, especially if the carpet is too small for the room, and it must be made to fit by stretching, and he has to do the stretching himself.

Smith fell upon trying times last night, and from my heart I pitied the poor fellow He laid in a supply of tacks, borrowed a hammer from his landlady, and went to work after supper. The carpet was unrolled and Smith noticed its shortcomings. He figured up the length and breadth of the room, then of the carpet. It was near nine o'clock before he reached anything like a correct estimate of the fitness of his carpet for his room. His wife added her knowledge of arithmetic to his own scanty store, and between them the problem was solved, and preparations made to make a 16x18 carpet fit a 19x20 room.

Smith spread out the woolen plaster in one corner and commenced to tack down. The first tack turned over before the hammer reached it, and Smith stuck a mashed finger in his mouth, perhaps to prevent that organ from giving utterance to a well-developed "cuss-word." The next tack went home, and then Smith stretched the carpet for another drive. Finally, the carpet was fast in one corner, and then Smith bethought himself to tack it in another corner. Moving a couple of heavy trunks, turning over the wash-stand and breaking the bowl and pitcher, did not deter him in his purpose. Smith is a man of firm resolution.

When Smith had worn all the skin off his fingers stretching one side, his wife discovered that he had tacked down the wrong side. The double process of ripping up the carpet and ripping out Sunday-school words was here instituted, and now the thing went down right. The carpet-laying business was going on swimmingly; Smith was hammering away happily, whistling "Down on the carpet you must kneel;" the children were playing all sorts of didos; the wife was straining her weak back trying to move the bureau out of the way, when a message comes up from the landlady saying that, as there was a sick boarder in the next room, and company in the parlor underneath, less noise would be highly appreciated. To comply with her request, Smith tied one of his wife's stockings over the face of the hammer, and attempted to drive home the tacks; but the best stocking his wife ever had (so she said) soon presented the appearance of having been chewed by hungry rats. Smith's wife saw how her property was being destroyed, and laid an embargo on the proceeding, and a hot shovel on Smith's head. Then Smith tried a new plan.

He started the tack with his thumb, then hit it lightly with the hammer; then he'd wait a while as if for the musical echo to die away before he would give it another lick. During these charming intervals Smith mentally calculated how long it would take him to put down the carpet at that rate. He found that it would take him just two weeks, including Sundays. Here he rested from his labors. He scratched his head and bawled at the children. Eureka! He resolved upon a new departure—one good lick to each tack, and his wife to give the rest when the sick boarder got well. It was a capital idea, and Smith put it into execution at once, forgetting to let his wife know anything about it until the job was done. The idea worked well; he got three sides of the room done in a jiffy. But when he went to stretch the carpet preparatory to nailing it down on the fourth side, the half-driven tacks broke loose from their moorings, and the tortured carpet went adrift. It was really too bad!

Smith sat down on his wife's toilet set, and wept—not because he wished the carpet somewhere else, but because he was tired. The children, bless their dear souls! took in the situation at a glance, and sympathized with their dear papa by turning over the centre table on his pet corn. But, as I said before, Smith was a man of firm resolution. He did not howl with pain over the calamity that had befallen his corn, nor give that as an excuse for letting the carpet alone, as many a fond parent would have done under similar circumstances; but he took up an idle razor-strop, and the way he caressed the round places on his oldest boy's body was a sight to see. Then he went back to his work somewhat recuperated by the diversion. He retacked the broken-loose carpet with two licks to the tack, regardless of noise and the sick boarder. Again the three sides were attached to the floor, and an attempt was made to stretch the fourth side into position. But it wouldn't stretch worth a cent. The more Smith would pull, the less the carpet would come; and when he did get it right, the plaguey tack would turn over before he could get his hand on the hammer. Smith began to get excited. The piano in the parlor beneath struck up the tune "I'm Dying, Egypt, Dying;" and if there is anything in this world that Smith does really despise, it is that. It was enough to drive him crazy; but in the firmness of his resolution he hammered his tacks, mashed his fingers, and smothered his oaths in silence. Just about 2 o'clock in the morning he got up, stretched his cramped limbs, yawned, and announced the job completed. He laid down and slept an hour. Then he awoke, and looked at his—last night's adventure. The carpet was on the floor—he knew that much; and if the stripes looked like a row of crooked rivers, he didn't care—he had done his best.

'Twas a bad night's work for Smith. The neighbors called in, and not a soul of them went away without expressing admiration of the way in which the job was done; and, besides, they all exacted from Mrs. Smith a promise that when they got their new carpet, Smith should lay it for them. I saw Smith this morning en route for the depot. He said he was going to the Springs. What a man of his health wants at the Springs this cold weather, is more than I can conjecture.

A Cooperstowner on Boils.

An afflicted person in Cooperstown, New York, writes to the Plainfield Register the following little piece about a Job that was put up on him. It is funny for every one but him:

DEAR REGISTER—Useless! useless! If I've tried once I have a dozen times to sit down and write you a regular old scalp-peeler and sky scraper of a letter.

It isn't that I love Cæsar less—I meant it isn't that I am unable to do the mental part of the proposition beautifully, but it is that I am unable to sit down.

How common the written sentence; I sit down to pen a few lies—I mean lines, etc. But how much unwritten anguish may result from the attempt!

How gladly I would say it if I could: It is with pleasure, dear Register, that I sit down to announce to you the arrival of a boy, etc.

But, good gods, how can I?

The thought of sitting down makes me boil.

The thought of the boil prevents my sitting.

The fact of the boil makes me mad.

And the act of sitting makes me leap like unto a hurried sky-rocket.

Why, my love, I haven't sat down in five weeks—or in anything else—to stay!

I am a most miserable, miserable man.

Along at first I tried to do my writing for the Atlantic Monthly (ash!) at my desk, but becoming absorbed in thoughts of those things that are before, and forgetting those things which are behind, I would pull forward my tall desk stool and settle. Then I would unsettle, quick.

And there would follow a prolonged and dismal howl of pain, a wild tramping to and fro; one arm waiving like our banner in the sky and the other holding the pantaloons away from the young volcano.

So behold me now, supported under my arms by my Revolutionary grandmother's quilting frames, which reach from piano to mantle piece; with a pair of light summer trousers on, which are kept distended and away from that boil by a fish hook, a cord and a staple in the wall—all drawn taut.

And yet I am not happy.

Why, if U. S. Treasurer Spinner should say to me, "Here, George, sit down on this half cord of greenbacks, and they are yours," I should answer, "Go 'way, Spinner; I don't want your ducats. I am not hungry. 'Tend to your own knitting, I know my business."

My wife says my affliction ought to develope any religious tendency that may lay dormant in me. She thinks it has. In the earlier stages of my sufferings she says she awoke one silent night and heard me, she was sure, quoting Scripture and Watts' hymns.

Lord love her! but I wasn't, you know. I was doing the other thing, *i. e.*, reciting from profane history—from that part where the D-amorites poured red hot pitch down upon the damsels who crossed the dam just where the lordly Tiber was dam'd near the gates of Hellespont.

"George," said she softly, some time afterward, "George, I am afraid I was mistaken the other night. I now believe that your language, which I hopefully and joyfully thought to be the expression of a contrite and grace-seeking soul, was swearing! Why, oh why, dear, dost thou not think more often of redemption and your latter end—"

"Thunder, madam!" I screamed, "you don't know what you are talking about. Think of my latter end! I'm always thinking of it. I couldn't forget it if I was steeped in oblivion, or surrounded with cotton bales! Why, I was telling a funny story to a party the other day, and he comes up to me, and he says: 'Old man, that was a bully thing; you ought to be a minister, you ought. You could make a congregation cry by tellin' of 'em a joke,' and then he slapped me on the thigh—on that thigh, woman—on which Ann Grish and Miss Ery hold a first mortgage! Think of redemption! Why, female, did you give half the attention to keeping the lumps out of my poultices that I do in pondering on the effusions of that old Bible scholar, Job, who used to soar so in blank verse, you'd be a better and a richer wife!"

Withered, she wept.

I was softened. I could not see those tears unmoved. What male man could? I approached her as she sat rocking to and fro in her chair.

"Dearest," I murmured, "why those weeps? Don't cry. I am sorry I said anything when I spoke. Too bad, too bad! I am a brute, a bear, burglar, a dentist, a dishonest thief. Forgive me—me who would not give your heart a pang for the whole round world. Let's kiss and forget, ducky," and I playfully sat down on her lap. She had a bunch of keys, a drawer knob, and a smelling bottle in her pocket.

I sat down on these.

On those I sat.

On the bottle, the knob, the keys, I sat down.

* * * * * * * * *

Small u active boys jeer at me through the window. I have no peace. I am a wreck.

I would not live always,
I wouldn't if I could;
But U ere ain't no use of talking,
For I couldn't if I would.

GEORGE.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - April 3, 1874.

THE judicial apportionment bill as it was published in our paper last week passed both branches of the Legislature and has been signed by the Governor.

A FELLOW named Atkinson tried to kill informer Jayne in the New York custom house on Friday, and now the Harrisburg *Patriot* thinks Atkinson should be severely punished, not so much for the late attempt as for his five years' delay.

A TERRIBLE and disastrous fire occurred in Millerstown, Butler county on last Wednesday morning, originating in the Central Hotel. Seven persons were burned to death in the hotel building, one other, a young lady, was seriously injured by jumping from her up-stairs window, and a vast amount of valuble property in the business part of the town was destroyed numbering in all ninety-six buildings. The town is in the Butler oil regions.

THE Legislature adjourned from Friday last until Tuesday of next week. This means a long session and a frightful increase of the expenses of the Legislature. There was no possible excuse for the adjournment, but we suppose the party of moral ideas will endorse it. It would seem to the average mind not swayed by party prejudice, that when men are elected to the Legislature they ought to stay at Harrisburg until their duties are fully performed. It used to be so under Democratic rule, but the Radical party has inaugurated a new order of things which would be much more honored in the breach than the observance.

THE Chicago *Times* remarks that the simplest, easiest, cheapest, and in perhaps every respect the best mode of inflating the currency was that proposed in the Washington house on Thursday by Mr. Cox. His proposition was that congress pass an act declaring every greenback now in circulation to be a legal tender for three times the sum expressed on its face. The effect of such a measure would be exactly the same as an increase of the greenback issue to three times the present amount, and it would involve no cost of printing and no delay in giving to the country the "benefits" of inflation. And yet the house refused to entertain Mr. Cox's proposition.

"THE *Freeman* takes us to task because we supported Hon. Samuel Henry while we published an *independent* paper. That was *our* right and at the same time we would beg leave to say the *Freeman* that we think there were about *nine hundred Democrats* voted for Mr. Henry in 1872 and 1873, and some of them the professed leaders of the party. Mr. Henry, we believe, has always done his duty to the whole people."

The foregoing paragraph is taken from the last week's issue of the Johnstown *Echo and Voice*. We did *not* take the editor of that paper to task "because he supported Samuel Henry." He had a perfect right to do so, inasmuch as he boldly and unblushingly avowed soon after he commenced the publication of the *Daily Voice*, that his purpose was to work for pay, or to make money out of it—whether in a legitimate way or otherwise was not clearly set forth. If he found a customer in Mr. Henry in 1872 and in 1873, that is none of our business; nor do we now assert that there *was* a *quid pro quo*. What we *did* take the editor of the *Echo and Voice* to serious task for, was that, having espoused the election of Henry and for *two* years labored *for his success*, he should *now* by some feat of political legerdemain appear on the editorial stage as the professed ardent friend and advocate of the Democratic party, its organization and its candidates. *That* was and still is our objective point, and not, as we again repeat, because he supported Samuel Henry. We know scores of Democrats who, in violation of all their political duties, voted for Mr. Henry. We have frequently expressed our views on this subject and it is not necessary again to repeat them. We are not dealing *now* with Democrats who voted for Mr. Henry, but are talking about James F. Campbell, and we say to him, in view of his political career as the editor of the *Voice* in 1872 and 1873, that it would be as easy for a lady with her nimble fingers to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear as to transform *him* into a reliable editor of a Democratic paper in Cambria county. It is simply the old story of the fatal wooden horse that was treacherously introduced inside the walls of ancient Troy. Suppose Samuel Henry should again be a candidate next fall, what would then be the position of Mr. Campbell? Politics, as well as misery, make a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows. Would Mr. Campbell reiterate the stereotyped arguments used by him in 1872 and 1873 in favor of Mr. Henry's ability and fitness for the position he now holds, or would he again assume an *independent position?* In all that we have heretofore said, or which we now say, we have no motive to do Mr. Campbell any injury in his new enterprise, but, on the contrary, wish him abundant *pecuniary* success. His past career in this county as the editor of the *Voice* is well understood and fully appreciated. In his new *role*, we will measure him by his works, and hope that his conduct as a Democratic editor will fully come up to his manifesto enunciated in the first number of the *Echo and Voice*. Time makes all things even.

THREE reports have been made to the Legislature by the joint committee appointed to investigate the charges against A. L. Guss, Superintendent of the Cassville soldiers' orphan school at Cassville. The majority report, which is signed by Anderson, Rutan, Collins and Chalfant, of the Senate, and by Oliver, Young, and Jones, of the House, does not in direct terms pass upon the guilt or innocence of Mr. Guss, but recommends that the superintendent of soldiers' orphan schools discontinue the school at Cassville and distribute the orphans among other schools. All three reports were referred to the Governor and Superintendent of soldiers' orphan schools for their official action. One of the minority reports is signed by Mr. Orvis, from Centre county, and Mr. Reynolds, from Bedford county, both Democrats, who make some practical and philanthropic suggestions in reference not only to the Cassville school, but to all other schools of a similar character. We publish these recommendations below, believing that they will meet with general approval:

First—That the proprietorship and control of the soldiers' orphan schools should be transferred to the state and state authorities.

Second.—That the girls and boys be educated and maintained in schools separately set apart for each sex.

The state has assumed a responsibility as to the care and education of soldiers' orphans which it cannot in justice abandon. The only question of pressing importance to be determined by the legislature is the true interests of these children. The present system of paying to certain proprietors a gross sum for the board, clothing and education of the orphans makes the money interest of the proprietor and the welfare of the scholar two opposing principles. The care and sustenance of children should never be put to such a hazard. Beside this the character of a school should not be imperiled by a proprietorship subject to change for a money consideration and practically beyond the control of proper authority.

The separation of the sexes at the age at which scholars are received and cared for in the orphans' schools is a measure of reform which we believe will commend itself to the general judgment without argument. The unfortunate scandal at Cassville only enforces the propriety of a change in this respect without originating the reasons for it.

AN immense mass meeting of the merchants and most prominent citizens of New York was held in Cooper Institute, on Tuesday, March 24th, to protest against any inflation or increase of greenback currency by Congress. Charles Francis Adams and several other distinguished men addressed letters to the meeting, and although Congress has since passed the bill providing for the increase, the following extracts from Mr. Adams' letter on the subject of irredeemable paper currency will be read with interest:

"What the industrious and commercial classes want, above all things, is steadiness, in as many of the elements on which trade and labor depend as possible. There is quite enough of uncertainty in those beyond human control to render it unadvisable needlessly to multiply them. For any government to weaken confidence in the permanence of a policy by frequent recourse to exceptional movements is an unpardonable mistake.

"I have never entertained a doubt that Congress transcended its authority when it assumed the right to issue promises to pay money which it did not at the same time provide any means to pay, and then undertook to force the people to take them at a rate higher than they were really worth. Credit in general is the offspring of integrity. Nobody can make it at pleasure. To expect, then, that a promissory note, known to carry a lie on its face, is going to be received as on equal value with coin is simply folly. Not all the laws that ever were made by the most absolute of military chieftains, nor all the force which could be applied to their execution, could ever make any sane man believe that a piece of paper promising to pay gold without performance of the promise is of as much value as gold itself. It follows, then, that the Congressional fulmination of legal tenders was no more than a rank absurdity. Everybody knows that this paper is not and cannot be worth the money which it promises but does not pay. Everybody knows, too, that its actual value in the market depends upon the shifting accidents of the trade. In point of fact, it is seldom worth exactly the same sum for any two days together."

THE annual State election in Connecticut will take place on next Monday. It is a very close State in a warm political contest, and although the Democrats at the election one year ago elected Charles R. Ingersoll Governor, we do not pretend to say that they will re-elect him next Monday. All the indications, however, point to that result, but in a State which for many years has almost annually changed her executive officer, it would be extreme folly in us to express any positive opinion as to the result. The Democrats of Connecticut are now showing and always have shown a firm resolve to conquer in the good fight. They have heretofore elected such men as Isaac Toucey, Thomas H. Seymour, and James E. English, as their candidates for the highest State office. This sometimes exceptional result, together with the brilliant victory recently achieved by the unterrified Democracy of New Hampshire, inspires the well grounded belief that the contest in the "Nutmeg State" next Monday will retain Governor Ingersoll and the balance of the present State officers in power, and also that a majority of Democrats will be returned to the Legislature on joint ballot. We will, however, in this, as in other State elections, patiently have to "wait for the wagon."

WE are still unable to understand from any authentic source *when* the Democratic State Convention will assemble. All that we know is that it will meet in Pittsburg. *May* is said by some papers to be the month, and then again *June* is announced. It is most singular that the Chairman of the State Committee does not officially announce its action. Samuel J. Randall when Chairman, always was prompt in furnishing such information to the press.

The President and His "Wicked Partners."

We suppose there are few persons who, in the light of the events of the past year, will now deny that with the appointment of Tom Murphy as Collector of this port the President entered on a new line of policy, by putting himself into the hands of a new class of men, and adopting a new set of methods for maintaining his relations with the managers of the party. That appointment, however, and the testimonial which was bestowed on Mr. Murphy when he withdrew from the office, were very skilfully prevented from having their due influence on the public mind by the attempt to reform this civil service, which was most adroitly begun about a half-year before the meeting of the nominating convention; and the interval was filled up in the happiest way with the drafting of rules, which, it was announced, would effect a revolution in the character of the administrative machinery. More adroitly still, at the head of the Commission was put Mr. George William Curtis, whose character seemed the best possible guarantee of the sincerity with which the new movement was undertaken, and who had extraordinary facilities in the press and on the platform for explaining and defending it.

In the meantime, however, no real reform was begun in practice; appointments of the worst kind continued to be made, and even for conspicuous positions; but the President's friends defended them all stoutly on two grounds—one was that he was waiting to begin until "the rules" were ready: and the other, that he had under the old system to take the advice of the political leaders in Congress. What can he know himself, it was said, about all the candidates for office? His supporters presented him to the public in the character, now so well known in the low comedy of our day, of "the truly good man" beset by "wicked partners," and whom it is the duty of the public to support and encourage in his struggle with evil. Our one hope of reform, it was said, lay in Gen. Grant. He was represented as carrying on a deadly struggle with Conkling, and Morton, and Boutwell, and Butler, and the other bad men of the party; and our true policy was to stand by him, bear with him, and finally to re-elect him, which we did. The finishing touch was given to the farce—for farce we now see it to have been—by putting a s rong civil service reform plank in the Philadelphia platform. The fact was that Conkling, Boutwell & Co., were all the while having private laughs at our expense. Boutwell was indeed so full of humorous contempt that he calmly told us that he wished the Treasury to be let alone, as he was training up in it young men to be doctors of medicine and ministers of the Gospel!

That the President had been "badly advised!" is, under the American system of government, not a defense but a charge. It is his business to avoid bad advice, or not to heed it. It is for this he is chosen and paid. To say that he is in the hands of bad men, and acts under their instigation, is to accuse him of a grave misdemeanor; to say that he does not know a good adviser from a bad one, is to accuse him of gross incompetency. Of course, allowance has to be made in every case for the inevitable weakness of human nature, and Gen Grant was certainly entitled to a very large share of it, not because he was a feeble man, but because he did not seek the office, which was in a measure forced upon him, and because he had in the military field rendered the country extraordinary service. He had a right to ample time in which to learn his new business, and he got it. All the errors and shortcomings of his first term were condoned. At the end of four years he was thanked and told to try again, and we ourselves were of the number of those who flattered themselves that his evident capacity for learning would save his second term from the faults of the first one. But we would ask those good men in Boston who went back the other day with the news that "their simple-minded President" had been imposed upon by Butler, whether they do not think that, on any rational view of human fallibility this plea has been thoroughly exhausted?

If there ever was a time when it was necessary to apply the strictest rules of discipline to public servants, when it was dangerous to listen to any excuse for negligence or sloth, it is the time in which we live. And we would ask our Boston friends to observe, as a final illustration of the inexpediency of the rule by which they are judging Gen. Grant's conduct, that his simple-mindedness grows on him instead of improving under the influence of experience. Instead of getting sharper under our indulgence, he grows duller. His advisers, instead of growing better, get worse. His unfortunate capacity for being influenced by those around him, of which we hear so much, ought surely to put him now and then in the hands of good men; instead of which the bad men seem to have it all their own way with him, until finally he has, in defiance of all usages of the Government and the traditional party politics, and in violation of one of his own pretended reforms, taken the greatest rascal in the country as his principal counsellor. The American people ought not to be asked to stultify itself to the point of treating these things as the acts of a simpleton, and we warn all concerned that no such folly can in our day be perpetrated with impunity.—*The Nation.*

BISMARCK still threatens to resign on account of the continued opposition of the German Parliament to his army bill.

TWO WEEKS ago we referred to the swarm of useless and unnecessary subordinate officers employed in the Senate and House at Harrisburg, at an annual cost to the State Treasury of $75,000. Since that the House has passed a bill to second reading fixing the number and compensation of these officers, as well as the salaries of the different State officers. In speaking of this bill the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* says:

It would seem that the House, at Harrisburg, means business in regard to the bill fixing the number and compensation of officers—otherwise that measure would never have got unaltered to its second reading. Many members of the House will be up for re-election. It is a question whether the hangers-on who are to be provided with places by this bill can bring equivalent influence to bear at the primaries, or on Convention day, in behalf of their benefactors. Until the necessity for fourteen pasters and folders, thirteen clerks, five sergeants-at-arms and assistants, three postmasters, and other functionaries in proportion, is satisfactorily explained, the honorable Solons may rely upon being held to sharp account for their votes. But admitting even that the specified number of employes were necessary, the salaries are yet manifestly extravagant. Ranging all the way from $2,400 to $10,000 per annum, for the commonest kind of labor, they are from twice to ten times as large as the ordinary market quotations. How can any Representative who says "yea" to such a measure, after protestations of desire to retrench and reform so liberally made when the session opened, return to his constituents and demand a renewal of their favor?

It is not difficult to understand the reasoning of the House. A belief prevails there that the *vox populi* is exceedingly fickle—that though it swell betimes to thunder tones on behalf of economy, the people are, nevertheless, easily lulled into the sleep of forgetfulness. This may hold good in many cases, but there are occasionally some where the computation proves defective. If it should turn out defective in the present instance, and if several hundred thousand voters who ratified the new Constitution last December have not wholly relapsed into apathy, the Hangers'-on act will be the block from which the heads of more than one misguided Representative shall roll into the dust between May and October. We await the yeas and nays on the third reading; and, particularly, the yeas and nays of our Allegheny county delegation.

THE CATHOLIC SCHISM.—Dr. Dollinger has been almost forgotten. The new schism to which he gave the aid of his name and learning has long since passed the bounds which he marked out for it. He intended that it should be only a party inside the Catholic Church—it has become a sect outside of the Church, excommunicated by the Church, and used by the foes of the Church as a weapon against the Church. The "Old Catholics" have not been able to extort from Dr. Dollinger a single word of approval or encouragement since they set up their own Ebenezer; and one has only to turn back to the files of THE WORLD of 1872 and read therein the report of an interview between Dr. Dollinger and one of our correspondents to understand why the founder of the new sect now regards it with horror and remorse. But even the present leaders of the "Old Catholic" schism are restive under the accusation of Protestantism. At a recent synod they drew up a declaration, which has been published in the Cologne *Gazette*, denouncing as a "calumny the assertion that they leave the decision in matters of faith to private judgment. On the contrary, they declare that private judgment is not to be at all respected. They affirm that they are Catholics, that the rule of faith is formed from the traditions of the Church and the Bible, and that what has been believed always, everywhere, and by all—*semper, ubique, et omnia*—is absolute Catholic faith and the truth. It is plain that the only difference between these people and those from whom they have separated is that the latter have adhered to the logical result of principles while the former have not.—*N. Y. World.*

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO BE A CARDINAL.—"Archbishop Manning is to be made a cardinal,"—so the rumor runs in clerical circles in Rome, as our special correspondent tells us this week. We hope the news may be true. No bishop in all the Church more richly deserves high honor than Dr. Manning. A Protestant English paper, the Pall Mall Gazette, said lately, "since Cardinal Wolsey's time no Catholic has exerted so great a personal influence in England." And even his enemies, and the enemies of the Church, are forced to be silent or to say that the influence of the great Archbishop of Westminister has always been used for the good of his own people, and for the good of his country. There never was a born and patriotic Englishman so well beloved by the Irish people as Dr. Manning, which shows how much religious difference has had to do in alienating the sister islands. Should Archbishop Manning be made a Cardinal, there will be an Irishman and an Englishman wearing the red hat at the same time, which has never been the case before.—Boston Pilot.

AN OLD LADY was knitting a stocking. A member of the family came in with a painful wound. She unraveled the stocking, put the yarn on a shovel of burning coals, caused the smoke to ascend against the wound, giving immediate relief.

The first thought of ordinary readers is that of wonder that such simple things should have such beneficial effects.

Instead of burdening the mind with the remembrance of old leather, and brown sugar, and yarn stockings, it is better to ascertain the general principles; for one may have the most agonizing sore, and be a thousand miles from an old shoe, or a spoonful of brown sugar, or a yarn stocking. What then? In all cases there was smoke; out of the smoke creosote is made, and carbolic acid is from the same essential natnre; hence the application of those substances to all varieties of wounds, burns, and sores. Their essential nature is twofold—they arrest decay and purify.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.—One of the prominent physicians of this city was accosted by his son with, "Father do you think Bill Hoar will get Mr. Sumner's place in the Senate?" The father replied, "Why, what do you mean?" "I mean will Bill Hoar be elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Sumner's death?" "My son," replied the father, "there is no such person as Bill Hoar, and if there was, that is not the proper way for you to speak of him; you should be more respectful." "Why, father," said the boy "that's the way Mr. Sumner spoke of him, himself." "I don't understand what you mean," answered the father, when the boy explained, "I read it in all the papers that when Mr. Sumner was dying he said to Mr. Hoar, "Take care of my civil rights, Bill!"—*Worcester Gazette.*

—A locomotive in Wisconsin is reported to have jumped from its own track and landed exactly on a parallel track six feet to the right. The passengers were shaken, but no person was hurt.

SOME OF THE BEAUTIES OF LYNCH LAW.—If anything were needed to prove the wickedness and folly of lynching, it would be an incident of late occurrence in Indiana—a State which has earned a bad eminence for lawlessness of this description. In June, 1872, Belle Secor, a girl of thirteen, was feloniously assaulted and murdered, whereupon two suspected men named McLeod and Kimmell were seized and hung by a mob. And now a man named Thos. B. Douglass has just died, confessing on his death bed that he was the real and only murderer, and that he was likewise foremost among those who joined in hanging these two innocent men. If "lynchers" may be supposed to have consciences, we do not envy the feelings of Douglass' accomplices in this double assassination when they come to read his confession. Of the two, it may be doubted which was the more guilty. Douglass had, at least, the justification of self-preservation, while the others were urged on by pure thirst of murder.

The episode, painful as it is, is in all probability only one of countless similar instances on the records of lynching. The murderer is the first to direct suspicion toward the innocent, and the blind fury of the mob, bent only on blood, does not pause to weigh the evidence. How effectual such methods are for the suppression of crime may be measured from the fact that in communities where lynching is most frequent crime flourishes most defiantly. The mob-spirit, which falls with great gusto and cheerfulness upon the bound captive, shrinks in abject cowardice from facing in any force a free and armed desperado. For example, in Missouri, another State notorious for its lynchings, we have the pitiable spectacle of the Governor appealing to the Legislature for an armed force to capture a party of ruffians consisting, at the utmost, of five. These men, for weeks, have been making the roads of that State and Arkansas impassable, stopping and plundering stages-coaches, and even railway trains, and shooting the detectives—from Chicago and New York be it understood—sent in pursuit of them. But the "lynchers" who would come forth in great numbers and ferocity to butcher them if once they were caught for them and tied hand and foot, manifest a singular unwillingness to attempt their capture. And the Governor, who was not long since firing whole volleys of proclamations against the mobs who had butchered unarmed prisoners and Sheriff's officers in cold blood, is compelled to ask for military protection against five scoundrels who, if there was any redeeming virtue in lynch law whatever, would have been disposed of long ago.

The truth is that this whole business of lynching is as base and cowardly as it is cruel and utterly lawless. It is the nature of mobs all the world over to be "tyrants to the weak and cowards to the strong," and that nature is not belied by what we know of mob proceedings in the "lynching" communities of the west.

A TENNESSEE ROMANCE.—He was young, he was fair, and he parted his hair, like the average beau, in the middle, he was proud, he was bold, but the truth must be told, he played like a fiend on the fiddle. Barring his voice, he was everything nice, and his heart was so loving and tender, that he always turned pale when he trod on the tail of the cat lying down by the fender. He clerked in a store, and the way that he tore off calico, jeans, and brown sheeting, would have tickled a calf, and made the brute laugh in the face of a quarterly meeting. He cut quite a dash with a darling moustache which he learned to adore and cherish, for one girl had said, while she dropped her proud head, that 'twould kill her to see the thing perish. On Sundays he'd search the straight road to the church, unheeding the voice of the scorner; and demurely he sat, like a young tabby cat, with the saints in the amen corner. He sang like a bird, and his sweet voice was heard fairly tugging away at long meter; and we speak but the truth, when we say that this youth could outshine a hungry musquito.

She was young, she was fair, and she scrambled her hair like the average belle of the city; she was proud, but not bold, yet the truth must be told, the way she chewed wax was a pity. Barring this vice, she was everything nice, and the world admired her bustle; and the Fayetteville boys, being calmed by the noise, walked miles to hear it rustle. She cut quite a swell, did this wax-chewing belle, and men flocked in crowds to meet her; but she gave them the shirk, for she loved the young clerk, who sang like a hungry mosquito. So she hemmed and she hawed, and she sighed and she "chawed" till her heart and jaws were broken; then she walked by his store, while he stood at the door awaiting some loving token. She raised up her eyes with a mock surprise, and tried to enact the scorner; but, to tell the truth, she grinned at the youth who loved the amen corner.

* * * They met—alas! what came to pass was soft and sweet and precious; they wooed, they cooed, he talked, she chewed—O, how they loved, good gracious! They had to part; he rose to start; her grief can not be painted; these are the facts; she swallowed her wax, then screamed, then choked, then fainted. Her pa appeared; her beau, quite scared, rushed out to get some water; the watch-dog spied his tender hide, and bit him where he "oughter." The tale is sad, the sequel stern—so thinks the youth thus bitten. He sings no more, as oft of yore—he gave that girl the mitten.

She pined apace, her pretty face looked slender and dejected; her father kind, but somewhat blind, beheld her and reflected. His income tax he spent for wax—she smiled and called him clever. She went to work, forgot that clerk, and chawed in bliss forever!—[J. Bateman Smith.

THE FENIAN PRISONERS.—In the English House of Commons, on Friday last, Mr. Andrews asked how many Fenian convicts were still undergoing sentence, where they were imprisoned and whether the government was or was not of the opinion that the time had come for their release. Mr. Cross, home minister, replied that the total number of prisoners was sixteen. Two were now undergoing sentence for the Manchester murder, but none for the Clerkenwell outrage. Two others were under sentence of imprisonment for fifteen years, one for seven years, and eleven who had been soldiers were sentenced for life, having been convicted of supplying arms to and otherwise assisting the insurgents. They were distributed as follows: Three in England, eight in one part of Australia and two in another, and three in Ireland. Mr. Cross concluded by declaring the government had no intention of interfering with the execution of their sentences. The announcement was received by the house with cheers.

DR. A. JOHNSON, one of the most successful practitioners of his time, invented what is now called *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. The great success of this article in the cure of Bronchitis and all diseases of throat and lungs, will make the name of Johnson not less favorably, if less widely, known than that of Louis Napoleon.

THE public are hereby assured, through the columns of the FREEMAN, that *Parsons' Purgative Pills* contain no injurious principle, but that they may be administered to children and the most weak and shattered constitutions in small doses, with great certainty of success.

News and Political Items.

—A woman named Costello was burned to death on Friday night, in Titusville.—The blame is laid jointly to whisky and kerosene.

—Marcellus B. Stearns, who becomes governor of Florida by the death of Gov. O. B. Hart, brought his carpet-bag from Maine when the cruel war was over.

—Mrs. Nancy Davenport, of Summerhill, Crawford county, eighty years old, does all her own housework, milks three cows and looks after matters generally.

—A Butler county man sent fifty cents to a city swindler to learn how to prevent a shot gun from scattering and received a card with these words printed on it: "Put in but one shot."

—Blodgett, who pleaded guilty to the murder of his wife some days ago at Laconia, N. H., and was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment, committed suicide on Saturday morning in prison.

—At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a wagon containing Martin McCue, his wife and babe, backed off the ferry boat into the river, on Sunday. Mrs. McCue and babe were drowned, and Mr. McCue badly injured.

—The Cincinnati *Times* says Nebuchadnezzar was not the first "Granger." Eve made quite a reputation in the apple business, and broke up A-dam monopoly, and was also the very first to patronize husbandry.

—The Michigan Legislature has agreed to submit the question of woman suffrage to the people. As this will afford the first opportunity of a direct popular vote on the subject, the result will be looked forward to with interest.

—A Lafayette, Indiana, druggist has on hand a curiosity, being a full grown mouse in a four ounce vial. The vial was found in a box of straw, and it is supposed that the mouse crawled into it when quite small and could not get out.

—A little daughter of J. T. Goldsbury, of Kokomo, Indiana, has solicited and received from the people three hundred dollaas to save her father from prosecution for forgery. He was a sewing machine agent, and had confessed the crime.

—Dr. Shoppe, the notorious criminal, was on Friday removed to the Chicago jail. He admits having forged a check for $50 on the German National Bank, but says he got no money for it. He denies that the old Lutheran clergyman at Napiersville is his father.

—A man in a mill in Plumes, California, felt a tug at his coat-tail. He looked around and saw that it was being drawn in by cog wheels. He grabbed a post and held on with all his might, while the coat was slowly torn from him. The struggle was a hard one, but the man won.

—Under the operations of the peace policy, it appears there is a deficiency of $1,000,000 for the Apaches and other tribes in Arizonia and New Mexico. It is stated in Washington that unless food and blankets are not soon forthcoming, they will take up their little hatchet and set up for themselves.

—Nearly all the distinguished men, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who took part in the violent political contest of 1850-51, twenty-three years ago are now dead.—They were Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Cass, Buchanan, Douglas, Benton, Fillmore, Seward, Chase, Sumner, Clayton, Corwin, Bell, Everett, and Dickinson.

—On the 24th ult., as John Hilbert, of Lycoming county, was leaving his bed he stumbled in such a way as to strike his neck upon the chimney of a lamp standing upon a table near. The jugular vein was severed and he bled to death in a very few minutes and before his wife could call in any assistance.

—It is now proposed to distribute the colored troops among the whites in the army upon a footing of equality, breaking up the heretofore separate organizations. This is a piece of mosaic statesmanship that will not bear the strain of adoption. Such meddling will work injury to both black and white soldiers.

—In the domestic annals of the White House is one marriage, that of a daughter of President Monroe, in 1820. Two Presidents have died, Taylor and Harrison, and a third lay in a state after his death. Several children have died and one baby was born, James Madison Randolph, a grandson of Thomas Jefferson.

—The greatest bell in the world, the "Emperor William Bell," destined for the Cologne Cathedral, has just been finished. It weighs about 60,000 pounds, is eighteen feet high and fourteen feet wide. The first moulding of the bell proved a failure, and considerable difficulty has yet to be overcome in transporting the immense mass from Frankenthal, where it was cast, to the top of the tower of the Cologne Cathedral.

—On Saturday last a wonder in the shape of a double-headed calf was born on the premises of Daniel Espenshade, Strasburg borough, Lancaster county. From the shoulders forward two perfect heads, were developed, with two mouths and four eyes. On the back is a hump similar to a camel's hump, while the middle joints of the hind legs turn inward instead of naturally outward. The animal only lived a short time after birth.

—This is the way they do it in Trenton, N. J. In Willow street, one day this week, a curious scene occurred. The relationship between a man and woman, who were living together as husband and wife, were not legal, inasmuch as she has a husband living. The couple removed from the street named; and the neighbors, in honor of the occasion, hung out flags, and had a tin horn concert, to show how glad they were the couple were seeking new quarters.

—William Robinson of San Jose, California, although eighty years old, could not wait. He went to bed with a can of gunpowder, lighted a fuse, covered his head with a quilt, and—was only slightly scorched by the explosion. Those who heard it ran in and found him sitting up with blood running down his clothes. He asked whether he was in Heaven, and was sad when told that he was alive yet. Religious excitement had crazed him.

—The telegraph informs us that Mr. Joseph May, the State Treasurer of Virginia, who is reported to be $3,000 short in his accounts, is insane. Defalcations are very common in these degenerate days, and three thousand dollars is an amount which sinks into insignificance besides the ordinary figures. For a State Treasurer to become a defaulter in so small a sum would undoubtedly be considered conclusive evidence of insanity by any jury of federal officials.

—At Portsmouth, N. H., recently, one of the children of Ralph Bracey found an apple in the yard, which he shared with the other juvenile members of the same family. Shortly after eating, all four became seriously ill, and before medical assistance arrived, the eldest, a girl, had died in great agony, with symptoms of arsenic poisoning; the other children continue in a precarious condition. It is thought the apple was purposely placed there by some malicious person.

—The Boston Globe remarks: "A copy of the Bible, bound in calf, according to the Edinburgh Scotsman, was lately found in the stomach of a codfish, and bore the name of William Sim, and the date 1830. It has been learned that Sim was a sailor of Dundee, who went to sea in 1834, and has not been heard from since. The supposition is that everything appertaining to him was devoured by this fish, which had been tormented for forty years with an indigestible Bible in its stomach."

—Two colored men were hanged in Sumter, S. C., on Friday, for murder, and a white man was hanged in Abbeville, the same State, for the same crime. It is stated that since her reconstruction murders have become as common in South Carolina as larcenies were before and several other murderers are to be hanged in a few weeks.

—Five years and six months ago, the Kittanning *Sentinel*, a subscriber published us a letter containing one dollar, credited on account of subscription. On Monday last we received through the same letter office at Washington the identical one dollar greenback, with the same letter. Since that time the postmaster and subscriber have both died. It seems therefore that our letter from a dead subscriber—dead for some two or three years—should reach us through the "dead letter" office.

—At Centralia, recently, a miner named Dougherty lit his lamp and placed it in his cap, bade his wife good night, and went from his home for his regular night's work at the mine. His wife stood at the door watching the light in her husband's cap as it gradually receded into the distance. Suddenly she heard a report and the light disappeared. On giving the alarm Dougherty was found dead on the ground, he had been shot and instantly killed by some person who was evidently lying in wait for him.

—The Sunbury *Gazette* says: The bridge recently performed by John Garringer, in going over the Shamokin dam at this place in a common foot boat (carried over the ice while rowing to Sunbury to market) and escaped undrowned, was a feat that was never performed before, and surely will never be done again, at least not by Mr. Garringer, if he can help it. He clung to the boat until he reached the open water below the dam, where he remained until he was succored by those who saw his situation from shore.

—The Philadelphia *Press* has the following compliment for the P. R. R.: "The new directory of the Pennsylvania Railroad unanimously re-elected the old officers—John Edgar Thompson, President, Thomas A. Scott, first Vice President, and George B. Roberts, second Vice President. Never at any time have the stockholders of this great work had much reason to repose full confidence in their executive officers, and never have they shown this confidence with more decisive and grateful emphasis.

—While about twenty persons were returning from the Campbellite camp meeting, five miles east of Carbondale, Ill., on Sunday night, they were fired upon from the bush, and Mrs. Stansell and Daniel Gardner dangerously, perhaps mortally, wounded. It is not known who the assassins were, but it is believed that the affair grew out of an old grudge existing between Bulliner's family and some of their neighbors, and was a continuance of the fight which occurred three months ago, in which young Bulliner's father was killed.

—A man's leg which had been severed instantly by a locomotive at Newark, N. J., last Monday, was carried by the engine to Bristol, Pa., (about one hundred miles) and when the engineer discovered the fact on the cowcatcher he kindly informed the telegraphing along the line whether anybody had missed a leg. Newark answered "yes," and the leg was promptly returned. It was too late, however, to be of any service, for the former owner was dead. Even then, it was an exhibition of fearful carelessness on the part of the engineer to have taken it off.

—The Portland Maine *Press* says that five years ago a gentleman in that city scratched his name on a marble tablet and sent it on its travels. Eighteen months after this cent came into the possession of a Lowell acquaintance, who inscribed the name upon it. Two years after it was in Pennsylvania, and came into the hands of a former chum of the first owner. Recognizing the name he wrote to his also on the coin. One day the owner of the man who started the cent on its travels was making a purchase in a Boston store, when the identical nickel which he left his pocket five years ago was handed to him in change.

—The Forest *Republican* says that two families at Centreville, Venango county, have been at enmity for a long time and recently had an old quarrel, at a singing school last Friday night a week. Elvin Stucks was doorkeeper, and old Mr. Stucks attempted to push in without paying, whereupon Elvin knocked him down and dragged him out. War was declared, and the fight came off the next day for fight. The result was that both of the Stucks was severely stabbed in the head and back; one of the Detrichs was stabbed in one of his ears, and one of his fingers cut off, and another of the Detrichs was stabbed in the head with a four pound weight, the serious effects of which he will probably never recover.

—A rather elderly man named Conkey, was found dead recently in a corn-crib in Jacksonville, Illinois, under a horrible condition. Deceased was a Irishman, and had lived with the farmers in that region for several years, but he had been out of work, and his relatives or friends, and in a destitute and penniless condition, sick in body and mind, he doubtless sought shelter in the corn-crib for the night, where he died of exposure. When found his eyes had been eaten from their sockets, one of his ears from his head, and most of the flesh from his fingers, by the rats. The coroner's verdict was in accordance with these facts.

—The steamboat Samuel J. Hale, from Cincinnati to New Orleans, burst a steam pipe one hundred and twenty feet above Memphis on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. The following are the casualties: P. Wagner, second engineer, severely scalded; Richard Leonard, deck hand, severely, since died; Frank Stewart, deck hand, badly; John Johnson, deck hand, lost overboard; Charles Jones, colored, deck man, killed. Captain J. L. Carter had a narrow escape, but was uninjured. The City of Vicksburg overtook the Hale on Monday morning and towed her to the bank and conveyed the passengers to Memphis. The Hale is uninjured save the burst pipe.

—About a year ago Mrs. Stokely's daughter Almira made an attempt to kill Byron Wright at Cedar Falls, for which misuses of free will they were brought before a jury of their peers at Vinton. The proofs being plain, the defense interposed insanity as a defense, but the jury took a rational view, and pronounced both mother and daughter guilty of the crime with intent to kill, and the court sentenced the elder woman to the penitentiary for nine years, and the younger one to the reform school for one year—the meanness of which is that courts and juries are beginning to think that there has been altogether too much of this insanity. Let the perpetrating murder please note.

—On Monday night, at midnight, the Hartford *Times*, the signal station on the top of Mount Washington reported a northwest gale blowing at the rate of 140 miles an hour—as shown by the anemometer at a temperature 18° below zero. This is the highest force ever attained by the wind in New England, so far as we know. A gale of sixty or seventy miles an hour will often blow down trees, but the hurricanes of the tropics, a force of 100 miles is not uncommon. No building could stand before such a gale. The people in the chained-down hut could not examine the anemometer without dying—else they would be swept off the mountain and hurled down Tuckerman's Ravine. The roar of such a mountain gale is indescribable beyond words.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - APRIL 3, 1874.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—The melodious frogs will soon begin to croak.

—Get your back in order for digging garden.

—Argument Court is in session as we go to press.

—Highland Lodge, I. O. O. F., of this place, installed new officers on Wednesday evening last.

—The country roads hereaway are in excellent condition just now for—staying at home.

—And now Samuel Kuhn, of Lloyd Station, has went and gone and cut one of his legs with an axe.

—Messrs. W. A. B. Little and A. J. Ivory are both on the war path for the office of notaryship.

—A Kernville (Johnstown) child was severely bitten about the face by a vicious dog on Friday last.

—Daniel Delozier, residing near Gaysport, had five hams stolen from his smoke house the other night.

—All that is needed now to make the catching of trout strictly legal is the co-operation of the trout.

—A railroad from Sinnemahoning creek to Karthaus, in Clearfield county, is among the probabilities of the near future.

—Barnum is making the preliminary arrangements for a grand tour through Pennsylvania with his circus and menagerie.

—A company of Philadelphia capitalists, we said, are about to engage in the coal mines near South Fork, this county.

—Christopher Clawson sustained a severe contusion on the right hand while engaged coupling cars at Blairsville one day last week.

—Mr. Robert Gardner, whose death we announced last week, had been a member of the Masonic fraternity for fifty-seven years.

—Mr. A. J. Christy, of Loretto, has commenced the erection of a town hall, 25 by 40 feet in dimensions, in that place. Bully for Christy!

—This seems to be an "off" week with correspondents, only one having put in an appearance. Come, gentlemen, don't desert us at once.

—The Altoona *Sun* establishment is for sale "lock, stock and barrel." The ill-health of the editor, D. W. Moore, necessitates the sale.

—Friday (Good Friday) is a legal holiday—not on our Saviour's account, but because President Lincoln was assassinated on that Friday night, 1865.

—A child of Mr. Michael Lynch, of Kernville, was severely burned about the head and back, a few evenings ago, in consequence of its clothing taking fire from a stove.

—If a young man wants to be successful in winning when he goes to see his sweetheart, he should carry affection in his heart, action in his manners, and confection in his pocket.

—One males and the same number of females were interred in Sandy Vale cemetery, Johnstown, during the month of March. Death seems to be no respecter of sexes in that vicinity.

—The Lutheran church in Johnstown was entered through one of the back windows a couple of young thieves, who a few nights ago, despoiled the Sunday school of about ten dollars in pennies.

—On last Tuesday night a dwelling house belonging to Mr. Joseph Fox, of Conemaugh township, this county, and situated near the saw mill of Squire Eichenlehr, was fired by an incendiary and burned to the ground.

—Jack Wilson, Esq., formerly publisher of the *Democrat and Sentinel*, in this place, now of the *Gilmen's Journal*, at Mt. Pleasant, is about to try his hand at a weekly afternoon paper in that city. Success attend him.

—A man named Frank Burkett, twenty-two years of age and unmarried, was killed a few days ago while at work on Shryock's "log drive," in Indiana county. We did not learn on what stream the accident occurred.

—Johnstown has just lost by removal one of its wealthiest citizens, Mr. Thomas Rose, who has just betaken himself with family to Bethlehem, Pa., where he is extensively interested in real estate. Good luck attend him.

—We regret to announce that J. K. Hite, Esq., notary, and E. Glass, Esq., Commissioner, both of this place, are on the sick list, the latter being very much indisposed. May life be spared both and return to both of them.

—Texas, seemingly not satisfied with local option law, is bestirring herself in temperance reform. An immense meeting, under the auspices of several of the protestant ministers, was held in the Methodist church there on Sunday night last.

—The Altoona *Tribune* reports that a certain aged man of family, named John Ross, living on the ridge about two miles north of Bell's Mills, has been made crazy by the excitement attendant upon a protracted revival in a church in that vicinity.

—The Union miners of Johnstown, at a meeting held on Friday evening last, determined to strike, and as there is little probability that the C. I. Co. will accede to their demands, the immediate future of the country looks anything but encouraging.

—Frank W. Hay, of Johnstown, the retail stove and tinware man, offers ten dollars reward and no questions asked for the return of an eighteen pound turkey and thirteen chickens stolen from his coop on Saturday night last. Fowls and feathers high.

—The question of erecting a round house at Conemaugh Station has finally been settled by the Pennsylvania Company. Plans, specifications, &c., are in preparation, and the work will commence at an early date. Derry has need and well she may, says the Altoona *Tribune*.

—Painting and cooling at the front gate seems to be in order, and a young friend of ours, one of the masculine persuasion is already preparing for a vigorous campaign. He has been there on innumerable occasions heretofore he knows how it is himself. Look out for the coming *sigh-moon*.

—Prof. J. Chapman, M. A., County Superintendent, will open the fourth term of his Select Academy on Monday, May 11th, to continue twelve weeks. Tuition fee, $3 per month. Mr. Chapman is a ripe scholar, and those who attend his school may depend upon receiving a thorough course of study.

—Messrs. Jones & King, the lightning rod men, have already opened the campaign in this county. They are reliable men and have a good rod, and if any body considers it necessary to the country to kill at least one lightning rod man, we hope he will try his experiment elsewhere before he comes to wipe out either of the gentlemen named.

—Some of our editoral brethren are down on Mr. Campbell about calling his paper the *Echo and Voice*, instead of the *Echo*, but they evidently forget that his *Voice* not long since and had to grab the *Echo* when it came in order to keep the *Echo* going, and in order to bring up the rear with the *Voice* he had to produce original sounds. D'ye see?

—The laborers employed on the new railroad being constructed in Westmoreland county, by Campbell & Bros., contractors, struck for higher wages last week, and a majority of them have been discharged.

—A young man named Peach, who is lame in one of his feet, was attacked and severely beaten not long since within the borough limits of Ebensburg, and yet we have heard of no arrests. It is said that several parties attacked him at the same time, but how true that is we cannot say. We did not learn the names of his assailants.

—A namesake of the recently deceased Massachusetts Senator, with "Kralc" attached, writes from this place to the Johnstown *Tribune* for the purpose or reminding its readers that Hon. Charles Sumner paid a brief visit to this place in the summer of 1856, during his sojourn at Cresson Springs for the benefit of his health. Tally one for Ebensburg.

—Our obliging postmaster, Maj. Thompson, had the misfortune to run a penknife into one of his knees the other day, inflicting a slight wound, and as some one told him that if McPike heard about it he would put it in the FREEMAN, and as we don't wish any one to provaricate on our account, into the FREEMAN it goes "as sure as shooting."

—Messrs. Moore & Christman, of the Washington (Pa.) *Reporter*, call upon the editorial fraternity of Western Pennsylvania and parts adjacent to meet in Pittsburgh, on Friday next, for the purpose of adopting some plan whereby Pittsburgh advertising may be made remunerative. Consider us in on that movement, which has long been needed.

—A young man named McCann, residing in Prospect borough, wishing to take a "short cut" home, jumped from a moving passenger train, on Tuesday last, but instead of alighting on his feet, as he expected, he fell and struck his head against a cross tie with such force as to literally peal the skin off his skull from the top of the forehead down to the eyes.

—Mr. Harvey Campbell, for serveal years past employed as brakeman on our Branch train, but who has recently been promoted to the position to conduc or of the Hollidaysburg and Williamsburg accommodation, has this week removed his family from this place to the latter village, and the result is that Ebensburg has lost and Williamsburg has gained a most estimable citizen.

—Our friend and patron Mr. Francis Yahner, of Chest township, while out hunting for foxes in the vicinity of Mr. Jacob Thomas' grist mill, on the 23d ult., shot and killed a gray eagle which measured 7 feet 4 inches from tip to tip of wings and was the possessor of a foot seven inches in length. The gallinaceous bird was feasting on a gray fox when it was shot.

—Posters have been printed by us this week for a public sale of horses, cattle, grain, farm implements, household goods' and a farm of 83 acres, by Charles Kline, of Chest township, on Tuesday, April 14th; for orphans' court sale of a house and lot in Summitville, late the property of James M. Riffel, dec'd, on Saturday, April 18th, and for a grand concert at Strongstown on Tuesday evening next in aid of a public charity.

—Essington Hammond, Esq., at one time a prominent and successful lawyer in Hollidaysburg, but of late years extensively engaged in the iron business as proprietor of Sarah Furnace and Maria Forge and Franklin Forge, in that county, has been forced to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. His liabilities are estimated at some $200,000, but it is thought by some that his assets will more than pay his debts.

—Mr. Evan Griffith, another of our enterprising butchers, had a magnificent show beef on exhibition, gaily decorated with fancy papers and two large placards, perambulating our streets on Wednesday last. His steership, which is said to have weighed 1,750 pounds, is by this time no doubt ready to be sacrificed on the altar of hungry mortality, and we venture to say that it will furnish mighty toothsome steaks and roasts.

—Judge Dean announced at Argument Court yesterday that unless the plaintiff in the case of E. Glass vs. Ebensburg Borough would submit to a reduction of $100 on the judgment awarded him at March Term, *i. e.*, from $220 to $120, he would grant the defendant a new trial. Messrs. Johnston & Scanlan, attorneys for plaintiff, deeming it best to "bear the ills they have rather than fly to others they know not of," agreed to stand the reduction.

—A young man named Philip Miller, son of Mr. Philip Miller, sr., of Chest township, employed in the blacksmith shop of Mr. Valentine Thomas, at Carrolltown, was kicked on the head by a vicious colt, on Wednesday last, and so badly injured that his life is despaired of. He was engaged in shoeing one of the front feet of the colt at the time, and was kicked by one of the hind feet, which is a feat of a horse's feet which may be set down as a somewhat remarkable feat.

—Mr. C. G. Lindsey, of Hollidaysburg, has a cow that is certainly worth her keeping, and we think will equal, if not surpass, any of the most famous imported breeds. Twelve gallons, one-half cream and the other half strippings, the product of last week's milkings, was churned on Saturday and produced sixteen and one-half pounds of butter. This is vouched for by the editor of the *Register*, who sampled the butter and pronounces it the sweetest and best he has tasted for years.

—Messrs. H. J. and Philip Crouse, who left our town about a year and a-half ago, going hence to Hollidaysburg, have returned and again taken up their residences in our midst, finding employment at the Ebensburg Foundry. The Crouse brothers are said by those who ought to know to be among the most competent moulders that ever operated in sand, and no doubt the Messrs. Shoemaker feel that they have made a "ten strike" in once more securing such efficient workmen.

—The family of Mr. Frank Stanley, formerly of this place, now residing in Altoona, has recently been made acquainted with many griefs and sorrows, no less than three deaths having occurred therein within a period of ten days. The eldest daughter, Ellen by name, who was to have been married ere long, was the first victim, and Frank, aged fifteen, and George, a younger son, followed in quick succession. Typhoid fever was the cause of this wholesale bereavement.

—The good little Washingtons, male and female, of the Johnstown *Literary Herald* have said, and of course it must be true, as they surely would never tell a lie true, as they surely would never tell a lie —that the *Echo and Voice* "has more news and matters of general interest than any other paper in the county." There is an "Old Coon," or an O. C. of some other kind in this place who entertains the same opinion, and the putting of these two brilliant lights together of course makes the thing as clear as mud and twice as sticky.

—An exchange truly says: It costs less than a cent a day to take your weekly paper—less than a diligent hen could earn in a year at the market price of eggs; less than one cigar a week and a very cheap one at that; less than the barber would charge by the year to keep one's hair trimmed; less than a good sized thanksgiving turkey; less than a seat one night at the opera; less than an energetic kitchen girl will waste in a week. A penny a day can be saved in many a way better than by stopping a family newspaper.

—Not a few of our readers will be struck with the similarity between the name of a gentleman whose wedding notice we publish elsewhere and that of the Harrisburg correspondent of one of our local celebrities; but nevertheless the distinction makes all the difference in the world. The latter is yet no doubt *sole* proprietor of his own heart and hand, and for aught we know may now be acting as Philadelphia correspondent of the Johnstown *Democrat*. The initials appended to the letters appearing in that paper would seem to indicate as much, at least.

—The Altoona *Sun* favorably mentions the name of John Reilly, Esq. Assistant Pa. R. R. Superintendent, of that city, in connection with the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor. We have no idea that Mr. Reilly would accept the nomination if tendered, but if a self-made and well made man, physically, mentally and pecuniarily deserves such a recognition, and would permit himself to be recognized in that way, we are sure that the gentleman named is one among the many thousands altogether lovely. Reilly and Reform say we.

—Joe Gutwald trotted out his big bovine "annuner" time on Tuesday last, on which occasion the huge mass of beef, which through a mistake no doubt of the little girl who manipulated the scales, was said last week to weigh only 1,750 pounds, was found to "kick the beam" at 1,805 pounds —the largest steer, probably, that has ever been raised in this county. Mr. G. bought the "animile" from Mr. Hugh Edwards, but it is somewhat of a coincident that this prize beef was originally purchased from a Blacklick township farmer named Prizer. Joe has also a steer which weighs 1,750 pounds, purchased by him in Indiana county, which will soon "bite the dust," as the larger one has by this time done.

AND STILL ANOTHER EGG—*No Eggsaggeration.*—Who has not heard of Munster, perched away, up amid the Alleghenies, in Cambria county, but a mile or two from the Summit. It was once a place of note, and, in the days of stage travel between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, ranked second only to Ebensburg in the ancient county of Cambria. It has given Cambria county many prominent and good men; and albeit a city with but a single street, was popular as a political centre and temporary social resort. To-day, among the surviving denizens, we may mention Capt. Phil Collins, one of the most enterprising and well-known of Pennsylvania's railroad contractors, and whose father, for many years, presided over the destinies of Munster's chief hotel.

When the gold fever excitement in California first broke out, Munster sent many adventurers to the auriferious regions in search of the New Eldorado treasures. Most of them had just returned from the fields of Mexico, upon which the title to this golden Pacific slope had been won; and so great an impress had these hardy sons of the mountain made upon their brother adventurers, that the name of "Munster" became almost a synonym in camp for Pennsylvania.

To such an extent had this place gained notoriety, that for several years afterward a later adventurer from the Keystone State, when accosted by the usual interrogatory whence he hailed? and designated Pennsylvania as the spot, was invariably met with the further inquiry whether he was from Munster? Upon replying, as many were compelled to do, that they had never heard of the place, the old miners would shake their heads, and be willing to "stake their pile" and all they could "pan out," that they were not Pennsylvanians; for the idea, to them, of a man hailing from this region, and not being familiar with Munster, was to them an incredible absurdity. It is this spot now almost grown into obscurity, from which we have just received a specimen of "hen fruit," of mammoth size, at the hands of Mrs. Burbin, and which is warranted to hatch out a pair of oxen already yoked.—This Munster asserts some recognition of her "old time" importance. *Five to Munster!* and all the hens of ye ancient village. —*Altoona Tribune.*

PASSION WEEK.—Thus is named the week immediately preceding Easter. One of the early Fathers, St. Chrysostom, writes: "It was called the Great Week, not because it consisted of longer days or more in number, than any other weeks, but because at this time great things were wrought for us by our Lord. For in this week the ancient tyranny of the Devil was dissolved, death was overcome, the strong man was bound, his goods spoiled, sin was abolished, the curse was destroyed, paradise was opened, Heaven became accessible, men and angels were joined together, the middle wall or partition was torn down, the barriers were taken out of the way, the God of Peace made peace between things in Heaven and things in earth." The observances of this week, from their peculiar significance, may well be called the "Mysteries." On Monday the curse of the barren tree of Jewish nation; Tuesday the predicted speedy ruin of the Temple; Wednesday the sale of Him that was valued; Thursday the solemn institution of the Lord's Supper; Good Friday the Redeemer's death and passion, and Saturday, or Easter Eve, Christ's descent into Hades. All these events as recorded in the Bible are read in the services of the Catholic and Episcopal Churches, and from a deeply significant and interesting course of scripture teaching, eminently preparative of heart and mind for the great Easter Festival.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.—For the faithful presentation of old and new truths in a pleasant form, we must commend this veteran monthly. The April number blossoms with an attractive variety. We have in it a Portrait and Sketch of Mr. Cleveland Abbe, of the Signal Bureau, universally known as "Probabilities;" an Analytical Paper on the Causes of Vice and Crime, with some practical hints toward their remedy; A Sketch of the eminent Authoress, Madame Schwartz, and a fine Portrait; Heads, Hats and Character, hits off some of the people we meet, both in its text and illustrations; in Physiology of the Sexes, a writer takes Mr. Spencer to task for some narrow views of "the sex;" New Englanders will be pleased, doubtless, to read something about their favorite railroad man, Mr. James Parker; besides, we have something humorous, in My Impressions of Names, and Stolen Glimpses, and much that is agreeably instructing in Our Evergreen Trees; Press Notices; Anybody can do it, and much that everybody should read in Was he Born So? Vitality and Chemistry, Commercial Obstructions, Agricultural Hints, &c.

Terms $3.00 a year. 30 cents a number. Address, S. R. WELLS, New York.

TESTING SEEDS.—Now that spring is here and the planting season is approaching, it is often important to test the vitality of seeds before sowing them. We have heard the following simple and easy method described: Fill a box, pan or flower-pot partly with rich mellow earth; make the upper surface perfectly smooth, and on this surface draw straight cross lines, and drop a seed at each intersection so that they may be easily counted. Then take a wide hoop or frame, and make a bottom to it with cloth stretched across, so as to resemble a sieve. Place this upon the seed and fill it with enough fine mold to form a sufficient covering for the seed, which should generally be four or five times the diameter of the seed for the depth. Keep soil sufficiently moist and in a warm place. The sieve can be lifted easily and the seeds examined without disturbing them. In this way corn, wheat, clover seed, turnip seed and many other kinds can be easily tested, which may be of considerable importance where the age or freshness of the seed is not certainly known.

CERTIFICATES on Lloyd & Co. taken at their face for American watches. A large assortment of all styles in gold and silver cases just received and for sale low. *Gold* jewelry, books, notions and toys in large variety. No Pinchbeck kept or sold. *Best* cigars in town. Call at once.

C. T. ROBERTS.

Local Correspondence.

SUMMIT, March 31, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—In my last, as in my former letters, I promised to let you know if anything of importance turned up in or about this quiet and usually moral town. Well, little has transpired since worth speaking of, except a runaway which occurred a few days ago, the runaway being no less than the lawful wife of a man residing about one mile from this place, and in whose household nothing has ever transpired calculated to mar its serenity until the wife of his bosom made up her mind to *elope*. On the day in question she took passage on an Eastern bound passenger train for parts unknown, but the presumption is that she has gone to some of the Eastern cities for the purpose of joining the "wimmin's crewsade," and ere this may be marching under the banners of those celestial angels who are waging war to the knife on the hydra-headed monster, intemperance. Yet she could be engaged in a better cause, namely, that of staying at home and keeping up the *spirits* of her own family rather than crying down the other *spirits* elsewhere; or, more properly speaking, praying in front of dram-shops. But such is life.

As now is the time for *strikes*, it is not strange that the principal and assistant who run the Lillys' school should strike for higher wages. Such is the fact, and they obtained their demands, too; but that was justly due them, for two very good reasons: First, they have a large school—in fact, there are about one hundred and fifty scholars in attendance—and in the second place, they have to wait about six months before they receive their money; and we might add a third reason, they are first class teachers in the full sense of the term. It is not, therefore, to be supposed that they would teach for the same wages that is paid to teachers of inferior attainments.

I see by the last issue of the FREEMAN that "Anti-Local" has had another spell of —well, no matter what—and still continues her *scandalum magnatum*. She makes a serious mistake when she says that "Local" is our worthy school teacher, for such is not the case. "Local" is in no way connected with the gentleman in question, and it is about time she should know this; but "Local" does not believe in trying to defame the character of any individual through the public press simply because the said individual might at some time have done something that did not please him. But, Mr. Editor, I did not intend to pay much attention to this tender and loving feminine, though I think it is proper that she should be set on the right track, so that she may not again charge our worthy and much respected school teacher with singing his own praises, as she styles it. We will close by saying that we would be very much pleased if "Anti-Local" would exchange cards. If she will do this we will give her our full and genuine address. More next time.

Very respectfully, LOCAL.

CONDUCTOR VS. PASSENGER.—A case was decided a few days ago a statement of which may save some railroad passenger from wildly rushing into litigation. William Schooley left Pittsburg for a certain station on the Pennsylvania railroad without securing his ticket. The conductor making his rounds Schooley tendered thirty cents as his fare. The passenger was reminded that as he had failed to purchase his ticket he would be required to pay five cents additional. Mr. Schooley said he had paid but thirty cents to come to Pitisburg from Braddock and would pay no more to go out. The conductor explained that there was no ticket office at Braddock, and that no extra charge could be made for not having a ticket going in. Coming out, however, was different, and the order was general to collect extra charge in all cases where passengers can purchase tickets and fail to do so. This was the rule of the company, and as an officer he must enforce it or lose the money himself. Mr. Schooley would pay no more than thirty cents, when the conductor informed him that he would carry him to Swissvale for twenty-eight cents, and gave him back two cents—or rather placed the pennies on the seat, Schooley refusing to take them. Schooley did not get off at Swissvale, and the conductor demanded six cents more as the fare to Braddock. Mr. Schooley handed over five cents, but the conductor demanded the other cent, which the passenger refused to pay. The conductor then refunded two cents, telling Schooley that he must get off at Hawkins or pay the other cent. When the train reached Hawkins, one station west of Braddock, the conductor ejected Schooley, who sued the company.

Judge Stowe in charging the jury said the conductor had a perfect right to eject a passenger who refused to pay the fare demanded by the company, but in doing so he must only use force sufficient for that purpose. When a passenger flatly refused to pay and then tendered the money to save himself from being ejected, the conductor was not obliged to accept it, but has a right to rid himself to further trouble by putting the obnoxious person off the train. The jury found for the defendant.

THE April number of WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, now upon our table, well sustains its reputation as a first class live publication. While its contents are not deep or scientific, its pages are free from trashy sensational stories, and are full of bright sunny reading that goes home to the heart. The magazine contains its usual number of illustrations, and its general appearance compares favorably with the higher priced magazines. Subscription price one dollar a year; with chromo YOSEMITE one dollar and a half; or the Magazine, chromo and CAMBRIA FREEMAN for $2.60. Subscriptions may begin with any number.

Address,
WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE,
Newburgh, N. Y.,

or this office.

FREE OF CHARGE.—Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most efficient qualities for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs and Colds are speedily relieved by it and in Croup it acts like magic. Call at R. J. Lloyd's Drug Store and obtain a sample bottle *free of charge*, or a regular size for $1; or at P. M. Woleslagle & Son's Store, Wilmore. J. R. MORRIS, 113 North 2d St., Phila. [3-13.-1y.]

JUST SO.—If a man would appear well in society or gain the good opinion of others he must not be negligent of his dress. Whether it be right or wrong, such is the fact that most persons form their first impressions of another from dress. Star Hall Clothing Emporium, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, of which Jas. J. Murphy, is the popular proprietor, is rammed, jammed and crammed with the latest styles and best goods in the clothing line, and if you don't buy from him you ought to be—lammed.

COMING TO COME.—We are coming, Mr. Coppock, several hundred more, and saving money is the topic that attracts us to your store. We are coming one by one, as well as crowds together, and your pretty goods will all be gone ere another change of weather; for we've often heard, and it surely must be true, that you're selling off at cost your stock so fine and new. I. T. Coppock's dry goods, dress goods and millinery emporium, 212 Main street, Johnstown.

MANY men of many minds; many birds of different kinds; many fabrics, many styles; many goods in endless piles; many bargains great and small, for many folks who there do call; and many more will find it true that money saved is nothing new to those who buy whats'er they need from Myers & Lloyd, whose store, indeed, is fully stocked with goods so low that folly 'tis elsewhere to go in quest of goods at cheaper rates than they can sell them!—How's that?—*we gates?*

THERE was a man in our town, and he was wise—you bet; he ran a bill at all the stores, and so got into debt; and when he found himself in debt, with all his might and main he ran to Hess & Brother's New York Clothing Store, under Opera House, Main street, Johnstown, where he bought clothing so cheap that he saved enough to get him out of debt again.

FEMALE DISEASES.—At the present day it is extremely rare to find a female who is entirely free from some one or other of the diseases peculiar to her sex. Go where you will, on the mountain top or in the valley, in the hamlet or in the city, among the rich or the lowly, there will be found very few females who are not laboring under physical affliction peculiar to womanhood.

The cause of this we will no undertake to explain here. The numerous applications made to us for relief during our twenty years' practice, have long since induced us to make especial study and investigation of these diseases, and their best method of cure.

They are maladies of a peculiar character, and as a general thing they require a method of treatment entirely unlike that adopted for those common to both sexes. In fact, the very frequency and extent of female diseases in our midst, is good evidence that the "common treatment" has not met with success, and show that some more efficient course *should* be adopted.

We were long since convinced that local remedies and external appliances, bandages, &c., were mere palliatives for the time, and of no permanent value whatever, but oftimes injurious; and that an efficient course of medication was the only hope of cure.

For the benefit of those who may be afflicted with any disease peculiar to the sex, whether from a slight cold, followed by a derangement and irregularity of the general system, which many times produces cough, expectoration, tightness of chest, difficult breathing, palpitation, &c., with all the symptoms of "going into a decline," or from any of the very many other causes which produce such terrible suffering among women, as to make life a burden to them, we would say, that our remedies are selected and prepared with a view towards these ends, and will give relief in all those kind of cases, without needless exposure to indelicate examinations, or the wearing of disagreeable instruments or cumbrous appliances.

We have cured hundreds—yes, thousands —of cases by medical treatment alone, hundred of whom we have never seen, but who only obtained their medicines after having sent us their cases for examination.

Our remedies in those diseases are mild but effectual and are such as we have found out to act in conformity with the laws of nature in regulating health; and from the success which has almost invariably crowned our efforts in these cases, we can promise, and do promise, a speedy cure in every case where a reasonable hope can be entertained.

For the benefit of those living at a distance laboring under Chronic Affections, and unable to attend in person, we would say: by sending us a vial of urine for examination, the necessary medicines can be sent them by express.

L. OLDSHUE, M. D.
T. L. OLDSHUE, M. D.
J. W. OLDSHUE, M. D.

Address DRS. OLDSHUE,
No. 132 Grant street, Pittsburg.

PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS, ROUGH SKIN.—The system being put under the influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a few weeks, the skin becomes smooth, clear, soft, and velvety, and being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory. Nothing ever presented to the public as a beautifier of the complexion ever gave such satisfaction for this purpose as this Discovery. The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. While one to three bottles clear the skin of pimples, blotches, eruptions, yellow spots, comedones, or "grubs," a dozen may possibly be required to cure some cases where the system is rotten with scrofulous or virulent blood poisons. The cure of all these diseases, however from the common pimple to the worst scrofula is, with the use of this most potent agent, only a matter of time. Sold by all Druggists.

COVERED WITH ERUPTIONS. CURED.
CLAVERACK, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I am sixty years of age, and have been afflicted with Salt Rheum in the worst form for a great many years, until, accidently, I saw one of your books, which described my case exactly. I bought your Golden Medical Discovery and took two bottles and a half, and was entirely cured. From my shoulders to my hands I was entirely covered with eruptions, also on face and body. I was likewise afflicted with Rheumatism, so that I walked with great difficulty, and that is entirely cured. May God spare you a long life to remain a blessing to mankind. With untold gratitude.

MRS. A. W. WILLIAMS.

A CAR LOAD.—What constitutes a car load? As a general rule, 20,000 pounds, or 70 barrels of salt, 70 of lime, 60 of flour, 50 of whiskey, 200 sacks of flour, 6 cords of hard wood, 7 of soft wood, 18 to 20 head of cattle, 50 to 60 head of hogs, 80 to 100 head of sheep, 9,000 feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet of siding, 13,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 shingles, ½ less of hard lumber, ¼ less of green lumber, 1-10 less of joists, scantling and all other large timber, 340 bushels of wheat, 360 of corn, 680 of oats, 400 of barley, 360 of flax seed, 360 of apples, 430 of Irish potatoes, 460 of sweet potatoes, 1,000 bushels of bran.

The foregoing table, which we find in the St. Louis *Times*, may not be exactly correct, for the reason that railroads do not exactly agree in their rules and estimates, but it approximates so closely to the general average, that shippers will find it a great convenience as a matter of reference.

HAVE YOU A COUGH?—Every hour a cough or cold is neglected is so much injury to the lungs. HASSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR never fails in curing the worst cases of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Croup, Asthma and Chronic Catarrhs. It is an invaluable remedy for Hooping Cough in children.

Sold by all Drug Stores and Dealers thro'out the United States.

Price 50 cents per bottle.

RUSSEL & LANDIS, Prop'rs, Philad'a.

P. S. See that the signature of RUSSELL & LANDIS, Prop's, is on each wrapper.

MR. ARCHEY MCKISSICK, of Rockdale, Penn., in writing to Dr. Wishart says: "My son was pronounced incurable with consumption, but hearing of your Pine Tree Tar Cordial, we purchased three bottles, and he commenced using it, and from that day to this he has been getting well."

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any manner whatever with a five year old bay mare bought by me at Sheriff's sale and left in the possession of Ambrose Lantzey, of Barr township, during my pleasure. AUG. WALTERS.
Carrolltown, April 3, 1874.-3t.

NOTICE.—Having purchased one bay mare and one brown horse from Ambrose Lantzey, of Barr township, and left the same in his possession during my pleasure, I hereby caution all persons against meddling or in any way interfering with said property.

JOHN G. O. BEARER.
Susquehanna Twp., April 3, 1874.-3t.*

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.—Estate of FRANCIS MCTAMANY, dec'd. Letters of Administration on the estate of said decedent, late of Washington township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

SARAH MCTAMANY, Administratrix.
Washington Twp., April. 3, 1874.-6t.

CARD.—J. C. EMIGH, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon.* Office in rooms lately occupied by Dr. A. P. Fields. Charges moderate. Night calls promptly attended to.

This is to certify that Dr. J. C. EMIGH studied medicine with me for three years, received his diploma from Philadelphia, and had several years practice. I cheerfully recommend him to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity as being a good and reliable physician. A. P. FIELDS, M. D.
Ebensburg, April 3, 1874.

RIGHT ON THE RECORD.—Following is the names of all who have not yet received credit in this way for money paid on the current volume of our paper, as well as a few names inadvertently inserted which have heretofore been published. This is the last list, unless we discover omissions, that will be published this year. The figures attached to some of the names show that their subscriptions run into the next volume;

Ebensburg—Edward Glass, Jno. A. Kennedy, James Gallagher, E. J. Humphreys, James Myers, Edw'd Parrish, No. 45; Silas Parrish, Thos. Hoover, Isidore Lilly.

Belsano—Abram Makin.

Plattville—Geo. W. Stalb, Vol. 9, No. 10; P. W. Helfrich.

St. Boniface—Conrad Yeager, Vol. 9, No. 8.

St. Lawrence—John Nidemyer, Vol. 9, No. 6.

Carrolltown—Jas. Sharbaugh, Vol. 9, No. 10; Jacob Zorn, Vol. 9, No. 7; Theo. D. Luther, Vol. 9, No. 7; Valentine Dumm, Vol. 9, No. 4; Francis Schettig, Thos. Misel 9-5, John Stolz, Chas. Anna, John Snyder, Earhart Farbaugh, Adam Schettig, Anselm Weakland, Peter Strittmatter, Chas. Cain, J. W. Sharbaugh, Jos. Lantzy, Solomon Dumm, Fred. Snyder, Julius Stich, F. Bearer, A. Strittmatter, Peter Huber, Lawrence Schroth 9-25, John Buck 9-25.

Munster—Peter Parrish, A. D. Criste 9-8, Mrs. Ann Myers 9-9.

Hollidaysburg—J. M. Stebley 9-8.

Altoona—Frank Tomlinson, Joseph Carney.

Gallitzin—Jno. Myers 8-9, Anthony McCue 9-8.

Hemlock—T. McTamany.

Wilmore—A. P. Storm 9-9, Thos. Kinney 9-6.

Chest Springs—Jacob Buck 9-5.

St. Augustine—Jas. A. Ryan, David Sutton, Mrs. Thomas Addams, Francis Nozier.

Loretto—Joseph Griffin, D. McGough, F. E. Bebe, Charles McMannimy, Michael McGuire.

Summit—Wm. Brown, sr., 8-44.

Clearfield, Pa.—James McDevitt, 9-13.

Livermore, Pa.—Wm. B. Conway 9-11.

Franklin, Pa.—John Lilly, S. S. Lilly.

Philipsburg, N. J.—Wm. Martz 8-4.

Fairbury, Ill.—Peter Somers 9-8.

Below we give credit for partial payments on the present year's subscription:

Denison, Texas—Hugh Driskel, No. 28.

Memphis, Tenn.—Mich'l McColgan, to No. 28.

Kingston, Pa.—P. McPike, to No. 24.

Brinton, Pa.—A. J. McDermitt, to No. 25.

Iowa City, Ia.—Mrs. Mary Shoemaker, No. 16.

Fort Scott, Ks.—John Carl, to No. 18.

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New Cambria, Ks.—Jacob A. Stiffler, No. 28.

Philadelphia—Geo. K. Mullin, to No. 34.

Pittsburgh—Mrs. Alice Smith, to No. 17.

Manor Dale, Pa.—Col. Paul Brinker, No. 22.

Blairsville, Pa.—John O'Hara, to No. 29.

Maitland, Pa.—Henry Downey, to No. 23.

Osceola, Pa.—Pat'k Dunn, No. 20; J. C. Carney, No. 20.

Ashaugh, Pa.—John Shuman, No. 18.

Kimmell, Pa.—J. D. Martin, No. 29.

Tyrone, Pa.—A. C. Zerbe, Jno. Shoffner, Jno. A. Storm, each to No. 32.

Nolo, Pa.—Rev. J. B. O'Connor, No. 44; John Downey, 40; Michael Downey, No. 32.

Cresson, Pa.—Thomas Lilly, No. 23.

Summit, Pa.—Jas. McGarvey, No. 30; Luke Burgoon, No. 28; Dan'l M. Henry, No. 34, Chas. Johnston, No. 33; Michael Bradley, No. 34.

Loretto, Pa.—Thomas Bishop, No. 14; Philip J. Sanders, No. 80; Michael L. Stevens, No. 48; Pat'k Mealy, No. 20; Peter Boley, No. 13; Jos. Bardine, No. 22; Jos. Noll, No. 29; John Yahner, No. 31; Silas H. Bonahoe, No. 36; Patrick Moran, No. 37; Philip Noon, No. 16; John Bradley, No. 18; Edw'd J. Little, No. 32; M. A. Wesner, No. 22.

St. Augustine, Michael D. Will, No. 15; D. A. Clark, No. 31; James P. McCance, 31; Patrick Kerin, 25; Cornelius Morris, 34; Dennis McCauley, 21; J. C. Litzinger, 21; Wm. McGough, 21; Mrs. Rachael Adams, 21; Rich'd Collins, 21.

Chest Springs, Pa.—Joseph Cramer, 21; John Weakland, 39; Joseph Henry, 21; Miss Susan Walters, 23.

Fallen Timber, Pa.—George Walters, 25; David Hollas, 24.

Johnstown—John Quinn, 13; Michael Quinn, 19; Lewis Shank, 21.

Cambria City—John Ryan, 20.

Conemaugh—John S. Snyder, 12; David Humphreys, 23; John Gray, 21.

Heritage—Sylvester McKenzie, 15; Mathias Biter, 16; John W. Gillespie, 21.

Summerhill—Jos. W. Pringle, 26; James D. Plummer, 25; Jacob Stiffler, 14; Peter Long, 59.

Wilmore—Isabella McGough, 40.

Gallitzin—Jos. Gutwald, 36; M. McMorris, 14; W. D. Macomber, 16; John F. Bradley, 12; F. P. McConnell, 32.

Altoona—Powell Sharp, 20; John C. Brown, 16; P. Braniff, 12; Peter Munday, 27; M. J. Nagle, 26; Samuel Stephens, 19.

Ebensburg—Philip Crouse, 22; John McBride, 20; Mrs. E. McDonald, 37; Wm. Davis, 20; J. & D. Evans, 38; Wm. Carney, 19;

From Trade to Title.

When Francois Hardouin, the son of a poor watchmaker at Caen, in France, turned his youthful back upon the workshop of his father and enlisted in a Hussar regiment, he certainly had no extravagant dreams of future fortune or renown. Rejoicing in a peculiarly amiable disposition and a proportionate inclination to sociability, he disliked the mechanical apprenticeship on account of its monotony and comparative seclusion, and chose the arms because the latter seemed the only available means of variety and extended association for a tradesman's son. That was many years ago. Not long after his enlistment the Hussars were ordered to Italy, where they were quartered in the courts of the venerable Palazzo Altemps at Rome; and there the sunny disposition and easy adaptability of the young soldier gained for him the responsible office of quartermaster to the detachment. Nor was professional advancement destined to be the limitation of his good fortune in the Eternal City.

During the years of French occupation the troops were, of course, popular with the aristocracy; officers of all grades had the entry of the best houses; and thus Quartermaster Hardouin became personally known to the Duchess di Gallese, a wealthy noblewoman with an infant son, who lived in widowed state in the old palace of Altemps. When, in the course of social events, the popular Hussar became an occasional invited caller at the palazzo, the patrician widow was so pleased with him that her partiality soon betrayed itself in a manner rather embarrassing to its chivalrous subject. Not long, however, was the worthy young trooper fated to be in doubt as to what the high-born lady's flattering demeanor portended; for when he evinced a disposition to call less frequently than before the Duchess frankly told him that he had gained her heart, and could have her hand for the asking. Here, indeed, was a romantic surprise of fortune for the humble watchmaker's son, though he was too honorable to accept it until satisfied that it resulted from no mere whim of a sentimental woman's momentary fancy. The widow assured him that she was her own mistress, with no relatives to dispute her will in such a matter, and that her feeling towards him was as deep as it had been sudden; he vowed that his whole future life should be a devoted repayment of the immeasurable honor she had done him, and they were married.

Thus beginning an aristocratic career, the fortunate Hardouin yet preserved his old, unassuming cordiality with his humbler acquaintances and comrades; accepted gratefully the epaulets of a sub-lieutenant, which his General conferred upon him as a wedding gift; and did not finally withdraw from his regiment until the death of his wife's son by her first husband left the title of Duke di Gallese to be conferred upon himself by the Pope. As a prince of the Roman nobility he could scarcely retain his subaltern rank in a foreign army, and as an Italian nobleman, only, he was thenceforth to be known.

Harmonious and honorable in every respect, the marriage was yet fated to have an early conclusion in the death of the eccentric but excellent Duchess. She survived her little son scarcely more than a year, and left to her sincerely mourning husband her whole fortune. For three years the Duke rendered lonely tribute to her memory, and then took a second wife in the person of a beautiful young Roman girl, a niece of the Princess Giustinini-Bandini, who is also Lady Newberry of the English peerage. This union, too, proved most felicitous, and, with several scions, remains undissolved to the present day.

Such is the romantic history of one of the richest and most popular noblemen of modern Rome; a man whose rare fortune in life may be attributed more to a peculiar genial magnetism of natural social character than to his possession of any transcendant abilities. But not all titled patricians can show so fair a patent.

A pleasant parlor amusement is afforded by a knowledge of palmistry, and young people may find food for mirth in the examination of the hand for signs of character. It is absurd to judge any one by these signs, but the process is pleasing. Some of the rules are as follows: If the palm of the hand is long, and the fingers well proportioned, not soft, but rather hard, it denotes the person to be ingenuous, changeable, and given to theft and vice. If the hands are hollow, solid and well knit in the joints, it predicts long life. Observe the finger of Mercury—that is, the little finger; if the end of it exceeds the joint of the third finger, such a man will rule his house, and his wife will be pleasing and obedient to him; but if it be short, and does not reach the joint, he will have a shrew for a partner, and she will rule her husband. Broad nails show the person to be bashful and fearful, but of a gentle nature. Narrow nails denote the person to be inclined to mischief, and to do injury to his neighbors. Long nails show a person to be good-natured, but distrustful, and loving reconciliation rather than differences. Oblique nails signify deceit and want of courage. Little, round nails denote obstinacy, anger and hatred. If they are crooked at the extremity they show pride and fierceness. Round nails show a choleric person, yet reconciled; honesty, a lover of secret silence. Fleshy nails denote the person to be mild in temper, idle and lazy. Pale and black nails signify the person to be deceitful to his neighbor, and subject to many diseases. Red and marked nails signify choleric and martial nature, and as many little marks as there are speak so many evil desires.

All the discoveries of science fall short of revealing the secrets of natural perfume. The microscope compels the very monads of life to show their organic character under its lens—gases can be analyzed and weighed; but the odor of musk or of the rose—what is it? Could this question be answered, and the cause of the fragrance of the rose, etc., be defined, like that of sulphurous, sulphuretic, hydrogenic, or ammonial odors, an enormous stride in hygiene and in chemistry might be recorded.

A sweet little boy, only eight years old—bless his little heart—walked into the scene of a teacher's examination at Oswego, last week, and bawled out, "Annie your feller is down to the house!"

NEW STORE Building, JOHNS

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

Having purchased largely for cash, and many of our goods having been bought since the Panic, we are able to offer

EXTRA BARGAINS!

AND OUR CUSTOMERS SHALL HAVE THE BENEFIT.

We will sell at prices to make the money of our patrons go as far as possible.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN

ALPACAS

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Waterproofs.

COME AND SEE THE GOODS AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES!

Goods bought before the Panic are

MARKED Down

TO SUIT THE TIMES.

VELVETEENS

AT HALF THE USUAL PRICE.

Wholesale Department

ON SECOND FLOOR.

GOODS AT NEW YORK AND PHIL'A PRICES

—AT—

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

113 and 115 Clinton St., TOWN.

R & QUINN.

Look at the Prices.

HEAVY BLACK ALPACAS,

NEWLY OPENED,

At 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 and 50 Cts.

ELEGANT WATERPROOFS!

IN ALL NE COLORS!

Navy Blue, New Green, New Brown,

GOLD MIXED AND GREEN MIXED

WATERPROOFS

At the Reduced Price.

BLACK WATERPROOFS at 75 Cts.

FLANNELS!

RED AND WHITE FLANNEL,
OPERA FLANNEL,
BARRED FLANNEL,
Heavy Gray Twilled Flannel,
Yard Wide Country Flannel,
Rob Roy and Blue Flannels

FELT SKIRTS from 75c. to $2.

BALMORAL SKIRTS VERY CHEAP.

LADIES', MISSES AND CHILDREN'S

WOOLEN HOSE!

AT LOWEST PRICES, AT

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

G. C. K. ZAHM,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

EBENSBURG BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

Andrew Moses,

DRAPER & TAILOR,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A CARD.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets.....$3.50 per pair.
Flannels.....30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres.....50 cts. per yard.
Satinets.....50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning.....20 cts. per lb.
Carding..... " " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,

July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

G. W. YEAGER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,

Altoona, Pa.

ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and materials.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.

Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of John Buck, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

$10 to $100 in Wall St. often leads to a fortune. NO RISK. 32-page pamphlet for stamp. VALENTINE TOMBRIDGE & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 20 Wall-st., N. Y.

CRUMBS

Are a modern stove polish, far better than anyother in existence. Are better, because they give a finer gloss than any other polish.

COMFORT

Yields a brilliant silvery sheen with less than half the labor required when other polishes are used.

CRUMBS

Are a neat and cleanly article, making no dirt nor dust when used. Can be used even in the parlor without the trouble of removing furniture or carpets.

COMFORT

Has no disagreeable and injurious or strong acid smell when prepared for use, but are pleasant and harmless.

CRUMBS

Are put up in neat style and in a form most convenient for use, being in each box are 12 sticks; 1 stick is sufficient for any stove—thus all waste is saved. Are the cheapest polish in the market, because one box at 10 cents will cover as much surface as 25 cents' worth of the old polishes.

COMFORT

CRUMBS

Have just taken the 1st premium at the Indianapolis Exposition in competition with several of the best of the old stove polishes.

COMFORT

BUY CRUMBS OF COMFORT of your storekeeper, if he has them, or will procure them for you; if not, send us one dollar, your name, and the name of your nearest express station, and we will send you ten boxes, and samples of Bartlett's Blacking and Pearl Blueing, free of cost.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT can be had of all Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in the United States, and Retail Dealers will find them the most profitable, from the fact that they are the fastest selling article of the kind in the market.

H. A. BARTLETT & CO.,

115 North Front St., Philadelphia.

13 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.
43 CHAMBERS ST., BOSTON. [11-14.-3meom.]

THE GREAT CAUSE

—OF—

Human Misery.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 cts.

A lecture on the nature, treatment and radical cure of Seminal Weakness, of Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., Author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicines, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent under seal, to any address, in a plain sealed envelope, on the receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps.

Address the Publishers.

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,

127 Bowery, New York; Post-Office Box 4586.

OLENA!

The best Oil in the world for machinery.

It will not chill.

It will not gum.

It is equal to the best Lard Oil.

If you have any kind of Machinery, ask for OLENA; and if you cannot buy it at home, send for a circular and price list to

PAINE, ABLETT & TRIPP,

OIL MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS

No. 360 Penn Avenue,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

Parke's Marble Works,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. M. O'NEILL & Co., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

THE IMPATIENT HEN.

This is the tale of a queer old hen
That sat on eggs exactly ten.
She made her nest with pride and care,
And weather foul or weather fair,
You always found her at her post,
For patience was her daily boast.
Alas! how oft it is our lot
To brag of what we haven't got!
This will apply to hens, and men,
And boys and girls.

Days passed, and when
The sun began to warmer grow,
The grass and leaves began to show
Their twinkling green on hill and vale;
When sweet and pleasant was the gale,
This queer old hen began to long
To join once more the noisy throng
Of idle gossips—half a score—
That strutted by the old barn door.

"Oh, dear! O, dear! here I am tied!
A weary lot is mine," she sighed.
"No gleam of pleasure do I catch;
Why don't these tiresome chickens hatch?
It worries me in heart and legs
To sit so long upon these eggs,
I'm sick of pining here at home;
O, chicks, chicks, chicks, why don't you come?
Your little houses white and warm,
I've sheltered from the angry storm.

"There's Mother Dominique, next door,
Her darlings number twenty-four,
And they've been out a week or more;
And now she wanders at her ease,
As proud and happy as you please.
So stir your pinky, little pegs,
My yellow bills come out and walk,
Or else I'll doubt my eggs are eggs,
And think they are but lumps of chalk."

Then something rash and sad befel:
This old hen picked each brittle shell,
And not so wonderful to tell,
Her treatment, which was very rude,
Killed on the spot her tiny brood!
And now, despised by fowls and men,
She lives a broken-hearted hen.

This is the moral of my lay—
To reap success in work or play,
Why spoil whatever you've begun,
Through eagerness to have it done?
Remember poor Dame Partlet's fate?
Don't be impatient—learn to wait.

The Siamese Twins.

SOLVE KNOTTY PROBLEMS FOR THE LAWYERS.

It was a very fortunate thing that the Siamese twins were law abiding citizens. Had they not been they would have given the authorities no end of trouble. In fact, it seems to us that they could have committed all sorts of crime with impunity, had they been so inclined. If Chang had committed an assault, how would it have been possible to have arrested him without arresting Eng also; and had Eng been entirely innocent of all participation in the affair, why should he have been arrested? In order to punish the guilty, it would have been necessary to punish the innocent also; and locking up Chang would have included locking up Eng. We do not see any way out of the dilemma that would have arisen except a temporary one, and that is the confining of Eng as a witness. But when it came to punishing the guilty party, justice would have been nonplussed, for the law does not permit an innocent party to suffer for crimes he has not committed. If Eng, on the other hand, had perpetrated a murder, he could never have been hanged, no matter how strong and conclusive the evidence had been against him. He could not have been imprisoned for life, for in these instances it would have necessitated the death or the life-long imprisonment of the unoffending Chang, who, having a separate identity, could have obtained a writ of habeas corpus, and demanded his liberty. Had one of these twins been a rogue, he would have, therefore, caused no end of trouble to the officers of justice. If Chang were drunk and disorderly in the streets, what policeman could have arrested him without laying himself open to a charge of false imprisonment from the unoffending Eng? Had these twins been evil-minded, and conscious of the perplexities they could have originated, there is no knowing what might have happened. The law would have been powerless, for vice must have triumphed and virtue been oppressed, or virtue triumphed and vice gone unpunished. Twins of this description are by no means desirable under such possible contingencies.

The Centennial Report.

A report has been agreed upon by the Executive Committee of the Centennial Commission, which has been sent to Gen. Hawley, President of the Commission, now in Washington. It begins with the report made in February, 1873, by the Commission, to the Senate and House of Representatives, and then gives an account of the work which has been done since, namely, the change of organization, making the Hon. Alfred T. Goshorn, of Ohio, the executive head, with the title of Director-General; the organization of a foreign department, presided over by Henry D. J. Pratt, formerly in the State Department at Washington, whose duty it is to open communication with foreign exhibitors; and the appointment of Henry Pettit, of the engineering service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to take charge of the engineering department. The plans for the main pavilion or exhibition building by Vaux & Radford, of New York, together with those for the memorial building to be constructed by the city and State, by Collins & Autenreith, of Philadelphia, were also reported. A full account of the work done in the office since the last report is given, and in conclusion the report urges on Congress the necessity of taking immediate action on the measures that are intended to further the interests of the commission.

The committee also passed resolutions in the nature of a memorial to the President of the United States, in which they say that everything that has been done has been effectually done, and they consider themselves now in advance, so far as preparation is concerned, of any exhibition that has ever been held. They conclude by saying that if Congress comes to their assistance immediately there will be no difficulty in making the Exhibition all that is promised by its most sanguine friends.

Sincerity.

Sincerity is the basis of every virtue. He that lives in pleasure is dead while he lives. They who give willingly love to give quickly. Entertain charity and seek peace with all men. Wherever the speech is interrupted, so is the mind. None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free. A falsehood has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide. If a man talks of his fortunes, depend upon it they are not altogether disagreeable to him.

1873. FALL and WINTER! 1874.

THE LATEST SENSATION!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

AT THE NEW

EAGLE CLOTHING STORE

OF M. H. NATHANSON & CO.,

(Lately occupied by H. WALTERS, deceased.)

231 and 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebensburg and Northern Cambria generally, that they have just opened at the above named place a large, complete and elegant stock of FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Consisting of such articles as BLACK AND BLUE CLOTH SUITS, CASSIMERE SUITS for men and boys, fine ENGLISH KERSEY OVERCOATS, in blue, brown, olive and lighter colors, and a general assortment of COATS, PANTS and VESTS of all textures, styles and prices, besides a full line of HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS, &c.—all which will positively be sold at 15 per cent. less than prevailing prices in Johnstown. We also make to order from the finest and most stylish goods any article of clothing desired, and that too at short notice and on the most reasonable terms. WE MANUFACTURE ALL OUR OWN GOODS, which enables us to sell cheaper than any other house in Cambria county. Please give us a call when you visit our town, and judge from our stock and prices whether it will not pay you to deal with us. OVERCOATS and CUSTOM-MADE WORK our leading specialties, and "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS" the basis upon which we do business. COME AND SEE!

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE--231 and 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN.

Sept. 19, 1873.-6m. M. H. NATHANSON & CO.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—DF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Wood, Morrell & Co.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,
Bedsteads,
Washstands,
Sideboards,
Chamber Sets,
Parlor Sets,
Wardrobes,
Book Cases,
Lounges,
Cane Chairs,
Wood Seat Chairs,
Kitchen Furniture,
Bed Lounges,
Mattresses,
Teto-a-Tetes,
Extension Tables,
Dining Tables,
Cupboards.
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge.

WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, 71.-tf.]

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—TO—

CASH BUYERS

—AT THE—

Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES

AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities;

TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

of my own manufacture;

HARDWARE, ALL KIND!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Wringers and Wringers, Patent Churns and Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Measures, Iron and Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse-Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware

of all kind, in great variety;

WOOD and WILLOW WARE

beyond description;

CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS,

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c.

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy, Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING

made, painted and put up as cheap as possible, FOR CASH. ☞ A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE

Cooking Stoves,

Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

JAMES F. MILLIKEN,

Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Bedford, Centre and Clearfield counties.

Parties wishing to purchase, rent, sell or exchange real estate will find it greatly to their advantage to call on or address me.

☞ Correspondence in either English or German solicited. [Sept. 28, 1873.-tf.]

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept. 20.-tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,*

Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug. 27, '72.]

The Tartarian Lamb.

One of the most curious plants of the vegetable kingdom is the fern commonly known as the Tartarian Lamb. Many wonderful tales have been told of it. Strange who traveled through Russia, Tartary and other countries, in the middle of the seventeenth century, gave one of the earliest and best accounts of this peculiar plant. He says: "On the western side of the Volga there is an elevated salt plain, of vast extent, but wholly uncultivated and uninhabited. On this plain, which furnishes all the neighboring districts with salt, grows the Borametz, or Bornitsch, which has the shape and appearance of a lamb, with feet, head and tail distinctly formed. Its skin is covered with a very white down, as soft as silk. The Tartars and Muscovites esteem it highly and preserve it with great care in their houses, where I have seen many such." A sailor who gave me one of these precious plants, found it in a wood, and had it made into an under waistcoat. I have a Astracan, from those who were better acquainted with the subject, that the plant grows upon a stalk three feet high.

"The part by which it is sustained is a kind of navel, and it turns itself around and bends downward to the herbage which serves for its food. They also said that if it dies and pines away when the grass fails, as they this I objected that language and the withering might be natural to it, as they are accustomed to fade at certain seasons. They replied that they had also observed so; but numerous experiments proved the contrary to be the case—such as cutting away, or by other means corrupting or destroying the grass all around it—the animal they assured me that it fell into a languishing condition, and decayed insensibly. Some persons also added that the wolves are very fond of these vegetable lambs, and devour them with avidity, because they possess the taste the animal whose name they bear; that, in fact, they have bones, blood and flesh; and hence they are called by Linnæus, *i. e.*, plant animals."

This wonderful tale of Strange is much perverted, is based on truth. There is a rude resemblance in the shape of the plant to the figure of an animal, when covered by a soft, downy substance, which is compared to a silky description. The no under waistcoat could be made of the fleece is of a reddish brown color, while. Like the stories of Herodotus, it happens that they have some foundation in fact, and that the [illegible] color, and that the [illegible] of a brownish hue, resembling blood. Ferns are found in barren soils, and as the vegetable remains are found on the salt [illegible] it is probable that in some [illegible] often seen without [illegible] but that the herbage [illegible] fern, or the plants [illegible] by wolves, it is needless additions, intended [illegible] the narrator, and to [illegible] the marvelous which [illegible] which he lived. This plant is said to repute formerly as a styptic [illegible] astringent properties [illegible] all ferns in a greater [illegible] species.

The Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Turin.

Here is the richest collection of Egyptian antiquities in Europe, and we have devoted some time to its examination. The mummy cases, or sarcophagi, are interesting. They are of plaster, covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, and well executed, said, containing the name of the deceased. The cerements or wrappings of the mummies are often finely preserved, and look as fresh as if just made. Some of the bodies are partially unwrapped, showing the features in perfect preservation. The [illegible] theory was that the soul, on leaving the body, passes through a long series of migrations, entering the bodies of various animals, and finally returns to animate the human body it left. If this theory be observed, the soul wanders forever in these forms of life. Hence the care of the body after death, to preserve it for its return. The remarkable papyrus, called "The Judgment of a soul," is also here. It is written partly in Coptic and partly in hieroglyphics, and shows the progress of a soul from the beginning of life to the final judgment, through all its vicissitudes. There are several papyri here, but only one is perfect. It is said to be the most perfect papyrus known. It is [illegible] yards long, and eight and a half inches wide. I examined with still more interest the chronological papyri, containing the names of over one hundred kings, from the beginning of the 18th to the 19th dynasty. These papyri are nearly five hundred fragments, [illegible] and a half to half an inch long, defaced in every conceivable way, [illegible] mere shreds and patches. It is [illegible] possible that they should be [illegible] deciphered and collated, certainly [illegible] cism which builds on these [illegible] ments a chronological theory [illegible] to the clear and solid [illegible] Mosaic records, is nothing less than [illegible] run mad.

We believe that the business of a printer as a little above a [illegible] lower than mankind. It is [illegible] to take nonsense of all sorts and [illegible] out of it. If a mistake should occur in the composition of what the author [illegible] script (but what looks more like [illegible] round a frog-pond), the printer is [illegible] to know all the words the author [illegible] and supply them accordingly. The [illegible] must go to church and endorse the [illegible] even if it were not equal to a [illegible] Dutch almanac, as for a matter of [illegible] He must go to the mayor's court, and [illegible] that there occurs, but what, he [illegible] mention the names of parties [illegible] Must drink with everybody, but must [illegible] get drunk himself—must "treat" all [illegible] liquors, although he is aware that [illegible] drinks of some of them would send [illegible] the tomb of his father. Must pay [illegible] and give to every object of charity that [illegible] asks for his dues from others, be [illegible] mit to any abuse they may choose to [illegible] upon him. Everybody who wants [illegible] in the paper must be accommodated, [illegible] must write long obituaries on every [illegible] that takes a notion to die—must [illegible] to the innocence of a saint—although [illegible] knows the individual to have been a [illegible] greatest sinner unaccu-